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COMMENT OF THE DAY

BAGDAD PACT

As usual on the eve of an important meeting of powers opposed to the Warsaw Pact, the Russian propaganda machine is working overtime pouring out threats and vituperation.

The Soviet Union has asserted that the presence of the American Secretary of State, Mr. Foster Dulles, at the Baghdad Pact alliance conference in Ankara on Monday is to force the Middle Eastern countries to accept atomic weapons and missiles.

True, Turkey is due to receive missiles from the United States, but only in her capacity as a member of the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation alliance and there is no indication that any other member of the Baghdad Pact is to be so equipped with rocket bases.

Intimidation

THE Russian approach, as it has been in the past, is one of attempted intimidation and is unlikely to have the desired effect. The Moscow proposal that an atom-free zone be established in the Middle East is as useless as that suggested for Europe as, apart from being impossible as a military safeguard against aggression, it would give the Russians further freedom for their own operations in the area.

Doubtless one of the main aims of the Ankara delegates will be to strengthen the Baghdad Pact's defensive potential, but what does loom high on the horizon is the necessity for extending more economic aid to members of the alliance.

Met Earlier

THE Pact's Economic Committee, which met earlier, has already asked for an increase in monetary assistance for regional development from Britain and the United States. Both countries have refused to commit themselves. Despite what appears to be an early setback for the Committee, the Moslems intend to press their claims when the full Council meets on Monday. While it is a congressional election year in the United States and demands are being made for a reduction in foreign aid and Britain is pushed almost to the limit of her overseas commitments there will be many disappointed, disillusioned countries if some effort is not made to increase the current subsidies.

MORE MOB ACTION IN CARACAS

Crowd Loots Homes Of Ex-Officials

By JOSEPH TAYLOR

Caracas, Jan. 24.

Mob action spread through Caracas today in an explosion of public resentment against ousted dictator Marcos Perez Jimenez and his supporters.

Keep Out Of Politics Military Told

Norfolk, Va., Jan. 24.

Deputy Defence Secretary Donald A. Quarles told military men today to "stay out of the political arena and recognise their subordination" to the President "and to his policy direction."

In a speech before Armed Forces Staff College graduates, Quarles appeared to align himself with Gen. MacArthur. Twining who recently said it was a "hell of a note" the way military witnesses were treated by congressional quizzers. Twining, Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, told the Senate Preparedness Subcommittee that military witnesses risked insubordination or perjury charges if they testified on whether President Eisenhower's defence budget was adequate.

POLITICAL

Quarles said in his speech today that budget-making is a political decision in which security must be balanced against other services and all in relation to the taxes to be levied.

The No. 2 defence official said it is up to civilian authorities to determine what military forces are maintained and how to use them "in accord with national policy." Civilian control, Quarles said, expresses the will of the people through constitutional processes. —United Press.

INDIRECT APPEAL TO REDS

Kuala Lumpur, Jan. 24. The Federation of Malaya Government indirectly demanded Soviet Russia and China to call off their hordes in the Malayan jungle who have plagued the country with terrorism and murder for more than nine years.

It was made in the Government's reply to the letter from the Government of the USSR. A similar copy of which was sent to all members of the United Nations calling on them to prevail on Nato members to cease into a non-aggression pact with Warsaw Treaty countries, temporary ban on nuclear tests, and the setting up of a nuclear-free zone in Central Europe.

The Malayan Government pointed out in its letter that although World War II had ended, peace had not come to stay in Malaya, and since the middle of 1948 the country has been subjected to the "tribulations of an emergency situation created by a group of adventurers whose loyalty lies outside this country, attempting to impose by force of arms a way of life that would be wholly unacceptable to and abhorred by the people of this country." —United Press.

Tunisian Post Shelled

Tunis, Jan. 24. French forces stationed at the Kout mine today submitted the Tunisian military post of Ain Kora to the Moudra region to intensive artillery bombardment, according to an official communiqué from the Tunisian Ministry of Information.

During 20 minutes the French fired some 60 shells, the communiqué said. Just before the bombardment a French reconnaissance aircraft flew over the Tunisian post, the communiqué said. —France-Press.

Iron Horse

Valdosta, Jan. 24. A horse collided head-on with a truck owned by Glenn O'Neal yesterday in Georgia. Damage to the truck: A smashed front end and a shattered windshield. Damage to the horse: None whatsoever. —United Press.

Death Of Old Labour Leader

London, Jan. 24. Sir Charles Trevelyan, last surviving member of Britain's first Labour Government 30 years ago, died at his Northumberland home today aged 87. He was the brother of Professor G. M. Trevelyan, the historian, and a great-nephew of Lord Macaulay. —Reuters.

MERVYN ROSE BLASTED FOR OUTBURSTS

Sydney, Jan. 24.

Mervyn Rose, the world's top amateur doubles player, was under fire today for his temperamental outbursts during the current Australian tennis championship.

Bad sportsmanship charges followed Thursday's semi-finals in which Roy Emerson and Bob Mark beat Rose and Mel Anderson.

Rose allegedly jeered at the umpire during the match, used bad language in his frequent clashes with the umpire and then smashed two rackets in the dressing room.

"Harry Hopman (Australian Davis Cup team manager) has turned out many players who have stamped the world with their skill. He might now try his hand on a few lessons in behaviour," thundered the Sydney Sun editorially.

Cracking Whip

During his singles match against Warren Woodcock on Thursday Rose allegedly asked the umpire, "You're cracking the whip, aren't you?" And then said, "Go and look in your rear book."

"I wouldn't need a whip to beat you," the umpire replied. Rose admitted he smashed the rackets.

"I laid them on edge one at a time, jumped up and hit them with all my weight with my feet. If I'd jumped on them both together, I might have broken my ankle. I've broken dozens of tennis rackets. These were as worthless as those ones were. They were heavier than the ones I normally use. By the time the match ended the two rackets were not worth a dollar."

Not Accepted

But his explanations were not accepted in tennis circles. A senior Australian lawn tennis official said, "You can forgive Merv lots of things but how can you forgive him destroying 220 worth of equipment when any kid would be glad to have them?"

The Association has asked the umpire of Tuesday's match for a full report on the Rose incidents. —United Press.

Army Wife Arrested

Djakarta, Jan. 25. The Indonesian army has arrested the wife of Colonel Zulkidli Lubis, former army Deputy Chief of Staff, who had been in hiding since an attempted coup in Djakarta in 1956, the Indonesian news agency, Pia, reported today.

The agency, reporting from Medan, Sumatra, said she had been detained "in order to protect her personal safety from possible retaliatory actions."

An army spokesman said here today Colonel Lubis was involved in the hand-grenade plot last November to assassinate President Soekarno at a school party. —Reuters.

BIG FIRES HIT LONDON

London, Jan. 24.

A jam factory in suburban Bournemouth burst into flames tonight and sent flames racing to their second major blaze in 36 hours.

More than 80 firemen rushed to the four-storey building as flames fed by thousands of tons of sugar and cardboard packing materials stored in the basement roared through it.

Many firemen, still battling the flames at London's Smithfield Market, which has been on fire since Wednesday, were hastily switched to Bournemouth to combat the new blaze.

Still another "serious" fire was reported later tonight, again in M.U.I. London, some five miles from Smithfield Circus. A timber yard, building several approximately 2,000 square feet, went up in flames and was completely ablaze when the first fire fighting squads arrived on the scene. Forty firemen battled the blaze as a call went out for more help. —United Press.

Italians Study IRBM Defence

Rome, Jan. 24.

Italian Defence Minister, Paolo Emilio Taviani said today that "everything leads us to think that the question of American bases in France or Italy for intermediate range missiles will not arise."

Taviani, who was speaking before the National Assembly Defence Committee, said the question of equipping the Italian armed forces with such weapons is being studied.

He added that "these weapons could be furnished to our forces by Nato as was the case for short range tactical rockets."

Despite the strategic importance of intercontinental ballistic missiles, Taviani said conventional weapons have lost none of their importance today. —France-Press.

Best Tips For Today's Valley Races

By "Rapior"

RACE 1
Gay Sire
Diamond Lil
Alex's Gift
Outsider: Kerrera.

RACE 2
Quilzette
Comet
Good Girl
Outsider: Armament.

RACE 3
Tameflame
Hiram O
Winnie
Outsider: Straight Runner.

RACE 4
Raja
Norse King
Jake
Outsider: Silver Wing.

RACE 5
Another Victory
Tonyber
Squadron Leader
Outsider: High Noon.

RACE 6
So Big
Applause
Caravelle
Outsider: Valbridge.

RACE 7
Every Day
Attractive Power
Perfectibility
Outsider: Lake Success.

RACE 8
Permanent View
Manzmad
Chesington
Outsider: Strathian.

By "The Turf"

RACE 1
Gay Sire
Kerrera
Diamond Lil
Outsider: Opportune.

RACE 2
Comet
Armament
Happy Warrior
Outsider: Quilzette.

RACE 3
Hiram O
Tomerlaho
Winnie
Outsider: Straight Runner.

RACE 4
No Surprise
Raja
Jake
Outsider: As You Wish.

RACE 5
Squadron Leader
Violet Ray
High Noon
Outsider: Miracle.

RACE 6
So Big
Snowy
Valbridge
Outsider: Caravelle.

RACE 7
Perfectibility
Full-of-Spirit
Every Day
Outsider: Free Kick.

RACE 8
Permanent View
Charidrol
Almdale
Outsider: Strathian.

OUR TEASER TIP

For Race 1
The dictionary says it means charming but we think it means a winner. Our Teaser Tip for last Saturday was "A Mixed golf dive and we don't mean the men's club-house" (Five Gold) came in third and paid \$21.40.

SECRET MOVES AGAINST HK

Manchester, Jan. 24. New moves by textile leaders to halt the flood of cheap cloth imports from the Far East were forecast here by Mr. Roger Lee, Chairman of the 60-mill Lancashire Cotton Corporation.

Speaking at the corporation's annual meeting Mr. Lee said that imports from India, Pakistan and Hongkong still continued unrestricted. This was despite the industries efforts to convince the authorities that action should be taken and its endeavours to arrange voluntary liquidation in the countries of origin.

The industry, however, would certainly continue these efforts and recently suggestions which might bring about a limitation of these imports by other means had been made.

These moves being considered by the industry would stay secret for the time being, Mr. Lee said. —Reuters.

TWO NEW S.E.C. Refrigerators

THE 'ELEGANT' EIGHT \$1500.00
THE 'SUPER SIX' \$1295.00



MADE IN U.S.A.
INSTALLED
SERVICED
AND GUARANTEED BY

There are so many things to see

Such lovely things, both East and West:
Won't you fly there with me?

- ★ From HONG KONG TO EUROPE every Wednesday & Sunday.
- ★ 7 flights a week to EUROPE from BOMBAY.
- ★ Choice of stopovers in CALCUTTA, BOMBAY, BRISTOL, DUBLIN, GENEVA, PARIS, FRANKFURT, DUSSELDORF, ZURICH, GENEVA, PARIS.
- ★ 2 flights a week from HONG KONG TO TOKYO.
- ★ Choice of First & Tourist Class.
- ★ Every First Class seat a full Stewardette.
- ★ Easy connections to cities all over the world.
- ★ Wonderful Super-G Constellation flights and faster comfort.

AIR-INDIA



Golden Jamaica

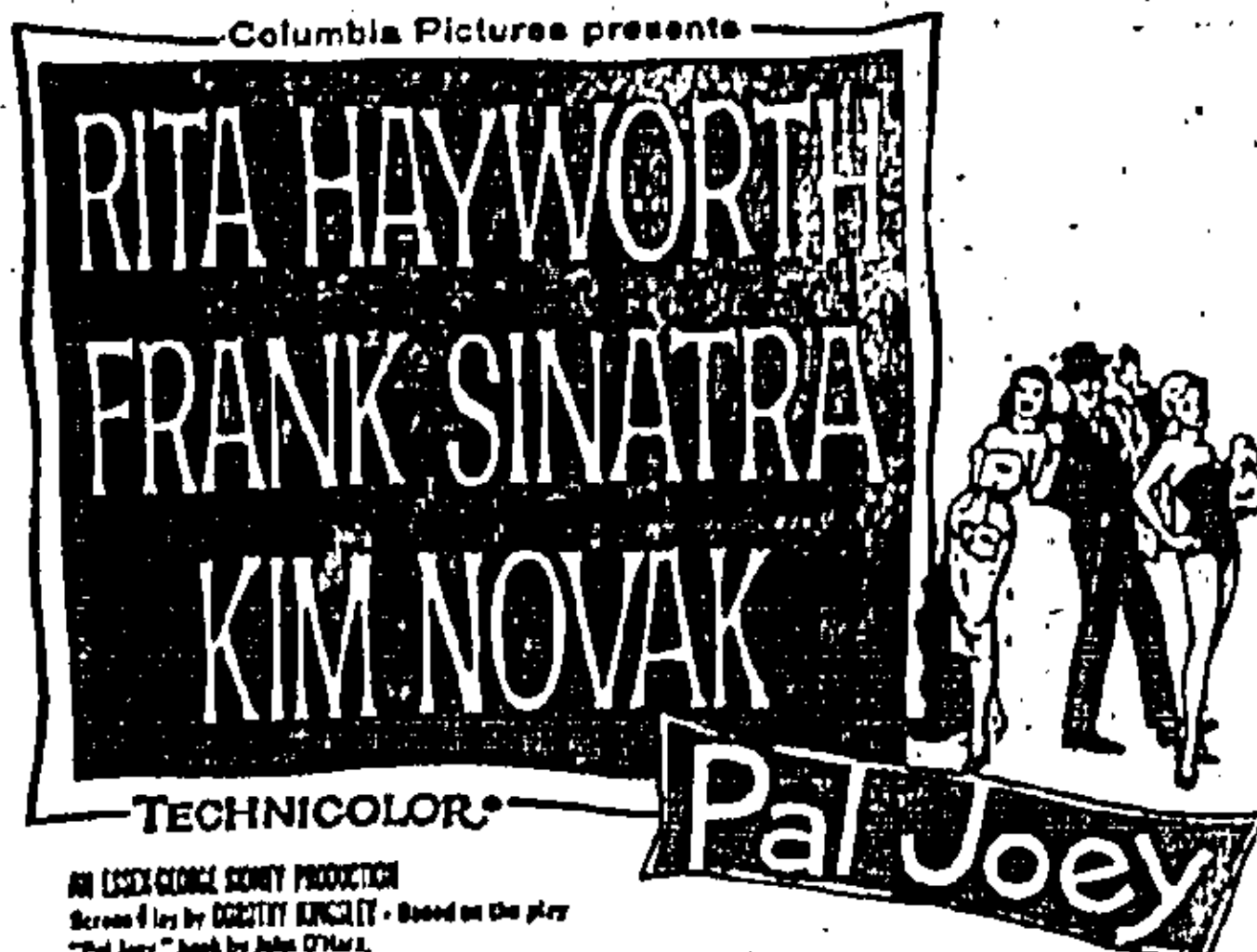


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KING'S PRINCESS

• TO-DAY •



AN EPIC OF LOVE AND PASSION
Based on the play
"Pal Joey" by George M. Cohan
Music by Richard Rodgers, Lyrics by Lorenz Hart
Produced by TEO KOLMAN, Directed by GEORGE SEATZ

SPECIAL MATINEE TO-MORROW
At 11.00 a.m.

"Tom & Jerry" Technicolor Cartoons
Programme presented by M-G-M

Admission: \$1.00, \$1.50



Bud Abbott, Lou Costello & Cici Porroau in UA's
"DANCE WITH ME HENRY"

Admission: \$1.00, \$1.50



M-G-M present Jane Powell & Howard Keel in
"SEVEN BRIDES FOR SEVEN BROTHERS"
A Musical in Cinemascope and Colour!

Admission: \$1.00, \$1.50

STAR THEATRE METROPOLE

SHOWING TO-DAY
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



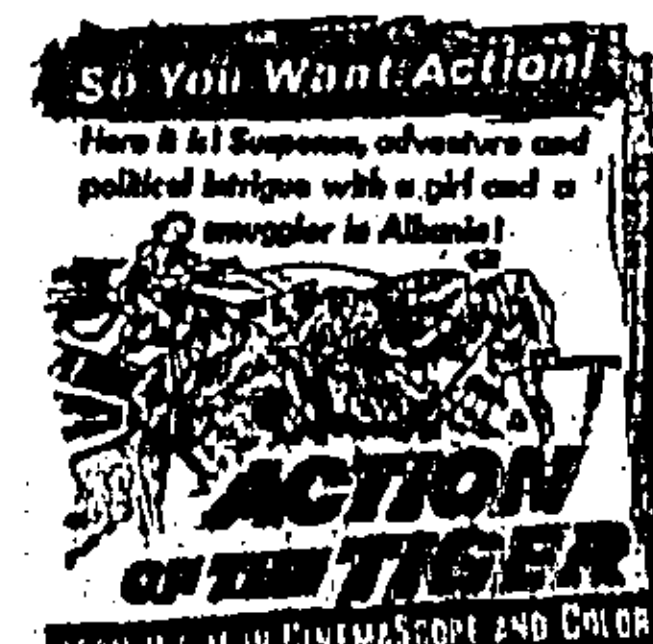
Starring: RICHARD WIDMARK • RICHARD TODD
ANTON WALBROOK • JOHN GIELGUD • JEAN SEBERG
Distributed by UNITED ARTISTS

TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW
STAR: At 11.00 a.m. METROPOLE: At 11.00 a.m.
FOX TECHNICOLOR COLUMBIA TECHNICOLOR
CARTOONS CARTOONS

METROPOLE: To-morrow Special Morning Show At 12.30 p.m.
M.G.M. Presents
"DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE"
Starring: SPENCER TRACY • INGRID BERGMAN
— At Reduced Prices —

ORIENTAL MAJESTIC

SHOWING TO-DAY
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.
So it's ACTION! You're
looking for! Come along
on a mission of danger!



Morning Show To-morrow 12.30
"SUPERMAN IN EXILE"

SHOWING TO-DAY
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



Sunday Morning Show At 12.30
"BLACKLANS" (Technicolor)



FILMS CURRENT & COMING

by ANTHONY FULLER

THE fans will be flocking in to see "Pal Joey" at the King's and the Princess. There is nothing else for it because it is a film that puts the show business right on the spot, and the bright lights of Broadway illuminate not only the stars and socialites but the down-at-heel heels—and the down-at-heel heels is Frank Sinatra.

I was never an admirer of Frank, and when he was written off, it was just what I thought would happen. Then suddenly he grabbed himself a part in "From Here to Eternity," and who could deny he was a great actor?

"Pal Joey" in its original form could have been sub-titled "Pal Joey's Progress," but the celluloid version is cleaned up, even so, some of the cracks left in are pretty near the line.

Says Frank: "The only thing I'm superstitious about is 13 in a bed."

So that is the film. Sinatra, full of his own importance, wisecracks and heels his way from stage to bed, convinced he has the way to treat the dames. The sexy songs have been sung out of the film version, and we are left with such sordid numbers as "Bewitched, Bothered and Bewildered."

Even so the gutter has its philosophy, and after Frank's success in feathering his nest from a feathered bed provided by Rita Hayworth, he meets the girl, and his cynical philosophy goes bang like a prickled balloon.

The return of Rita Hayworth is quite an event, and poor Kim Novak as the good girl is given quite a lesson in acting. Rita does not give her a chance, and all Kim Novak's prettiness and undoubted charms fade like last night's orchids before the talent of Rita.

Released by Columbia, filmed in Technicolor, this is the slickest, smoothest, sugar-sweet, loaded song and dance show to hit this man's town for months and months, and Sinatra heaps his way to the best performance of his career.

WHENEVER George Bernard Shaw comes to the screen it is an event. From the time "Pygmalion" made film history and broke box-office records everywhere, the big men in the film industry have tried to repeat that success. They refused to learn the lessons

such gigantic flops as "Caesar and Cleopatra," "Major Barbara" to rise to the anticipated heights. The latest to be taught this costly lesson is Otto Preminger, and he should have known better. "Saint Joan," which comes to the Star and Metropole is his costly excursion which beached on the Shaw.

There is everything there to make it a great film. Stars Richard Widmark, Sir John Gielgud, Richard Todd, and Anton Walbrook. Top novelist, Graham Greene to work on the script. Money, £300,000 worth of it.

Otto Preminger set out to surround his Joan with the best acting cast he could lay his hands on. He succeeded. They overpowered her. Widmark as the Dauphin, Richard Todd as the Bishop of Beauvais, and Sir John Gielgud as the Earl of Warwick. Whether one would be better than another in any stated part is a matter of opinion. Look at it any way you like, it is hard to imagine a better cast.

Should you be a student of production, you will be forced to admit that the old Preminger genius is there, and the adaptation of the play to the film improves movement considerably. What, then, is wrong with it?

Well, Preminger has made an elementary mistake. I could not, but one self-respecting reviewer dare omit to point out. What he has done is to study the play, but he hasn't studied the Shaw. Now, Shaw knew the stage inside out. No, not just the stage. He could have made as good an usher or pay-box attendant, scene-shifter, or anything else. And when he wrote "Saint Joan," he knew just what he was after. It was written in the mood of creating an abstract "Joan," a creature of the mind, but it was written word for word, and comma for comma, with Sybil Sandrick in view, although the press notices from what they thought at the first performance with Winifred Lush in the title part at the Garrick Theatre, New York, persuade me that she put up a beautiful performance.

Now what happened? Preminger auditioned 18,000 girls, he spent £50,000, and finally selected 18-year-old Jean Seberg. Her experience was limited to school plays and one season of summer stock playing Great drama permits no short cuts and six easy lessons to success. Now this poor girl is faced with one of the biggest flops of all time. She might pick up, she might yet

make it. You, the public can answer that one. Now, here is the test of "Saint Joan." How much of it is good cinema while Joan is off the stage? The answer is, plenty. And that should not be. The play is Joan's, hers alone. And this film denies every minute of that thesis.

THE Queen's and the Alhambra have decided to let us have a look at "The True Glory," the record of the progress of the Liberation Armies from D-Day to VE-Day. I think you had better go along and have a look at it for quite a number of reasons. First of all, to show you where the true glory belongs. During the past twelve years, I have heard much argument, generally originating from verbose politicians about which country won the war.

They are supported, I admit, chiefly by people who were not there. Well, we say the camera does not lie. These camera chaps were right up in front and although their pictures are not pretty, at least they give the lie to those creatures who have desecrated our dead. (I speak in the sense of the Allies), by windy argument as to who played the principal role on that dreadful battlefield.

Secondly, because we forget so easily, it is as well to remind ourselves what total war means. This is the power, I should show this film once a week in U.N.O. I should suggest it does more good than all the windy arguments.

Third, it is a fine film. It is impossible for me to examine it objectively, because it seems out of place to say of certain incidents, that is how it was. There is nothing staged about it; the chaps who give their opinions are the camera-men, seldom rehearsed. They said what they thought at the moment. Their reactions are interesting to say the least.

Fourth, it finishes up in Germany, and once again that old horror, Belsen Camp looms up. That, to me, is the most valuable reason for showing the film. This evil thing must never

be forgotten. Not that we continue in hatred, I am the last to wish for such a thing, but as an object lesson to the world to show the degradation to which a nation can permit itself to sink. It is of no use the world trying to carry on pretending to associate in the politician that these things did not exist. It might be expedient, but personally, I detest that word.

Then there exists, and it still exists, the idea that had only the British people in particular, and the world in general, surrendered to Hitler in 1940, all those terrible ruins you see in the latter stages of the film, need not have been. Shades of Elsmark and Wilhelm II, does the leopard change its spots? This is a fine "Let Us Forget."

"BOMBERS B-52" is in the film arena of huge screen, colourful action and modern planes. Showing at the Lee and Astor, it also tells a human story against a realistic background of furious flying.

Realism is again the keynote of this picture of contemporary American life, because to obtain the flying scenes, as I pointed out a week or so ago, the film set went on location to an U.S. Air Force base. The double theme of the picture is cleverly woven together, and works out most naturally as the most powerful bomber in the world, the B-52 Stratofortress, is put through its paces, while at the base, the human actors are undergoing the added tension of being at cross purposes. Natalie Wood who played "Rebel Without a Cause" is the beautiful young actress responsible for the human tangle. Karl Malden who has won fame during the past two years with some outstanding screen portrayals, takes over the role of her father, Elfron Zimballist is the unscrupulous serpent in this ground-air Eden, and this handsome six-footer fits well into the peculiar role he is called upon to play, and the end is just as you would like it. A romance set in modern times is the best description for this colourful piece of entertainment.

NEW FILMS AT A GLANCE

SHOWING

HOOPER & LIBERTY: "Monkey on My Back." A story of Barney Ross, boxer, soldier, and desper, and his fight against the drug habit. Starring: Robert Mitchum and Cameron Mitchell as Barney Ross, with Dianne Foster.

KING'S & PRINCESS: "Pal Joey." Frank Sinatra as a heel gives the performance of his life in this first rate Technicolor musical. Also: Rita Hayworth and Kim Novak.

QUEEN'S & ALHAMBRA: "The True Glory." A filmed on-the-spot record of the Allied invasion of Europe from D-Day to VE-day. A good "Let Us Forget" movie.

ROXY & BROADWAY: "The Enemy Below." The second weekend of this best picture from World War II showing the hunters hunted in a submarine versus destroyer drama. Robert Mitchum and Curt Jurgens.

LEE & ASTOR: "Bombers B-52." A colourful on the ground romance while giant planes roar above. Natalie Wood, Karl Malden, and Elfron Zimballist.

STAR & METROPOLE: "Saint Joan." George Bernard Shaw's masterpiece brought to the screen by Otto Preminger. Richard Widmark, Richard Todd, Anton Walbrook, Sir John Gielgud, with Jean Seberg as Joan.

COMING

HOOPER & LIBERTY: "The Shiraz." An outstanding film with an Australian background, notable for the performance of Dana Wilson, child actress. Starring Peter Finch and Elizabeth Sellars.

KING'S & PRINCESS: "Robbery Under Arms." The Rank Organisation presents an all action picture of Australia in the rough thriving days of the 1850s. Starring Peter Finch, Ronald Lewis, Maureen Swanson, and David McCallum.

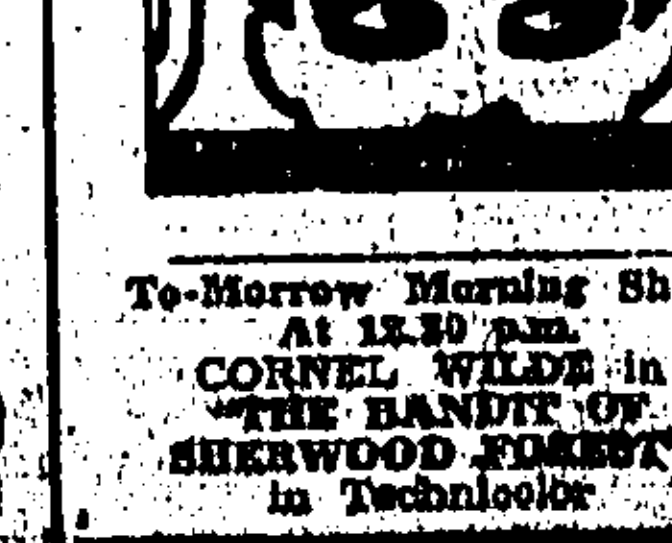
QUEEN'S & ALHAMBRA: "Paris Music Hall." A colourful French musical with les girls.

ROXY & BROADWAY: "The Great Locomotive Chase." Also: "Men Against the Arctic." Two Disney productions, the latter of Academy merit.

LEE & ASTOR: "The Story of Mankind." A Falling Star Studded Fantasy. Ronald Colman, Peter Lorre, and all of that vintage.

STAR & METROPOLE: "The Tattered Dress." A tantalizing courtroom drama. George Tobias, Edward Andrews, and Philip Reed.

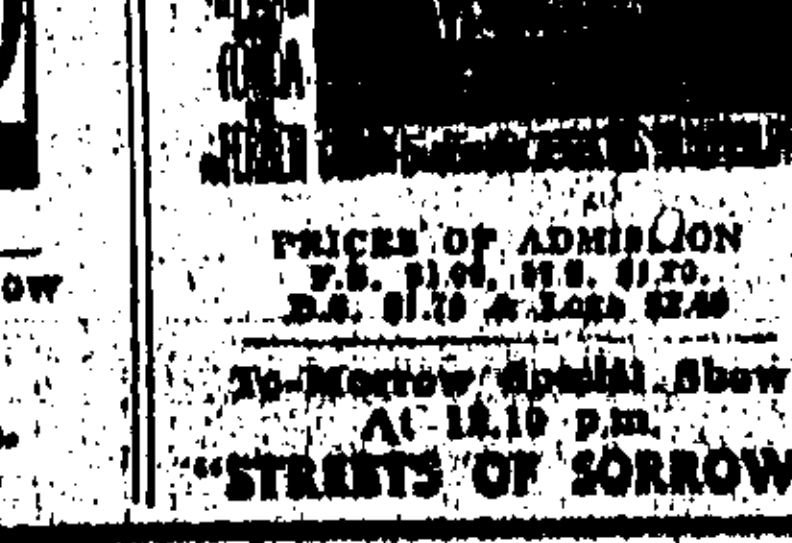
SHOWING TO-DAY
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.
THE FUNNIEST MAN AND MOVIE OF THEM ALL!



To-morrow Morning Show At 12.30 p.m.
CORNEL WILDE in "THE BIRTH OF SHAWDOOD TOMMY" in Technicolor



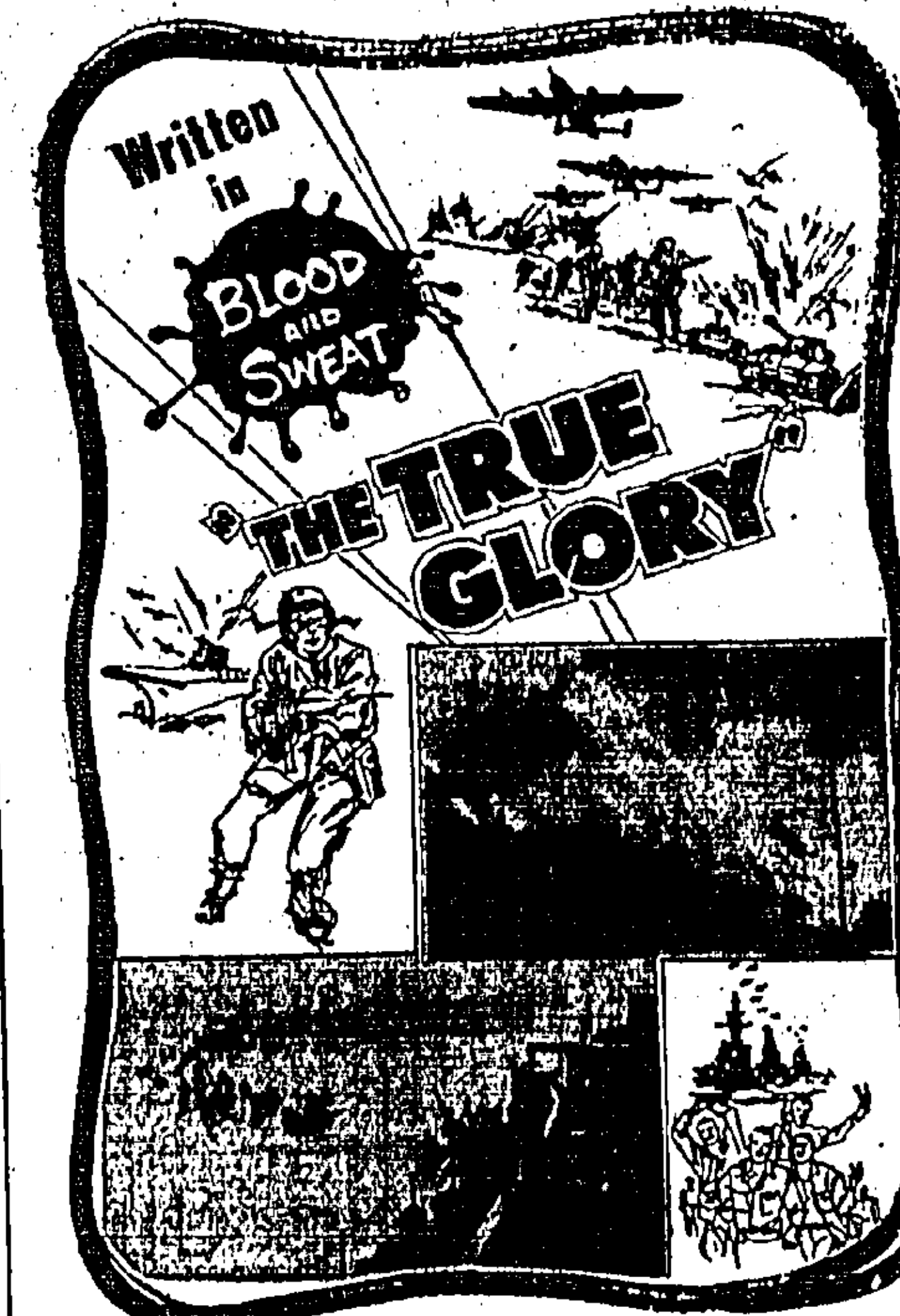
3 SHOWS DAILY
At 2.00, 5.30 & 9.00 p.m.



PRICES OF ADMISSION
At 2.00, 5.30 & 9.00 p.m.
To-morrow Morning Show At 12.30 p.m.
"STREETS OF SORROW"

QUEEN'S & ALHAMBRA

OPENS TO-DAY



• 5 SHOWS TO-MORROW •

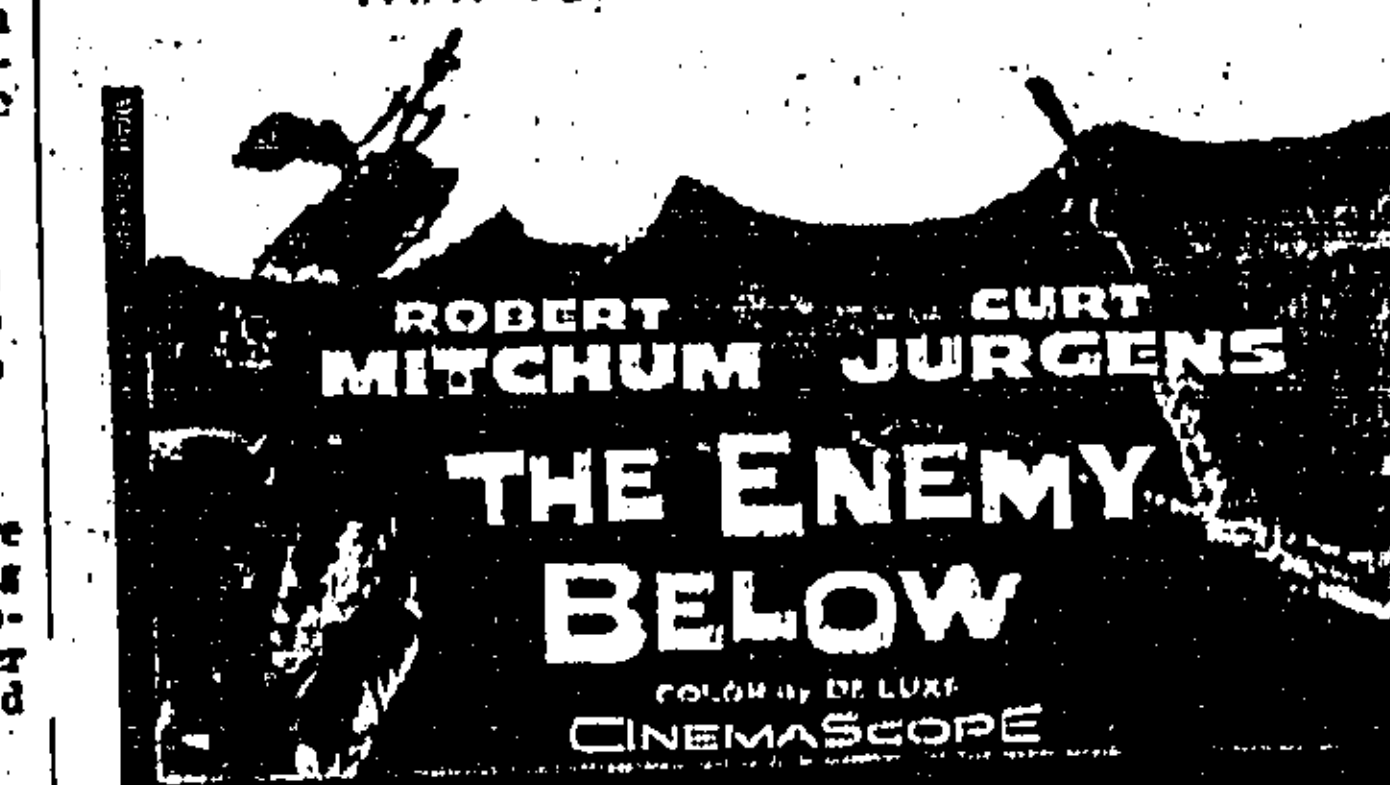
EXTRA PERFORMANCE OF
"THE TRUE GLORY"

QUEEN'S at 11.30 a.m. — ALHAMBRA at 11.00 a.m.

ROXY & BROADWAY

2nd TRIUMPHANT WEEK!
NOW SHOWING THE 8th DAY!
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

THE MEN • THE CHASE • THE DUEL
THAT TORE THE OCEAN APART!



TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW
ROXY: At 12.00 noon • BROADWAY: At 12.30 p.m.
20th Century-Fox presents
"SUPERMAN AND THE JUNGLE DEVIL"
Starring: GEORGE REEVES

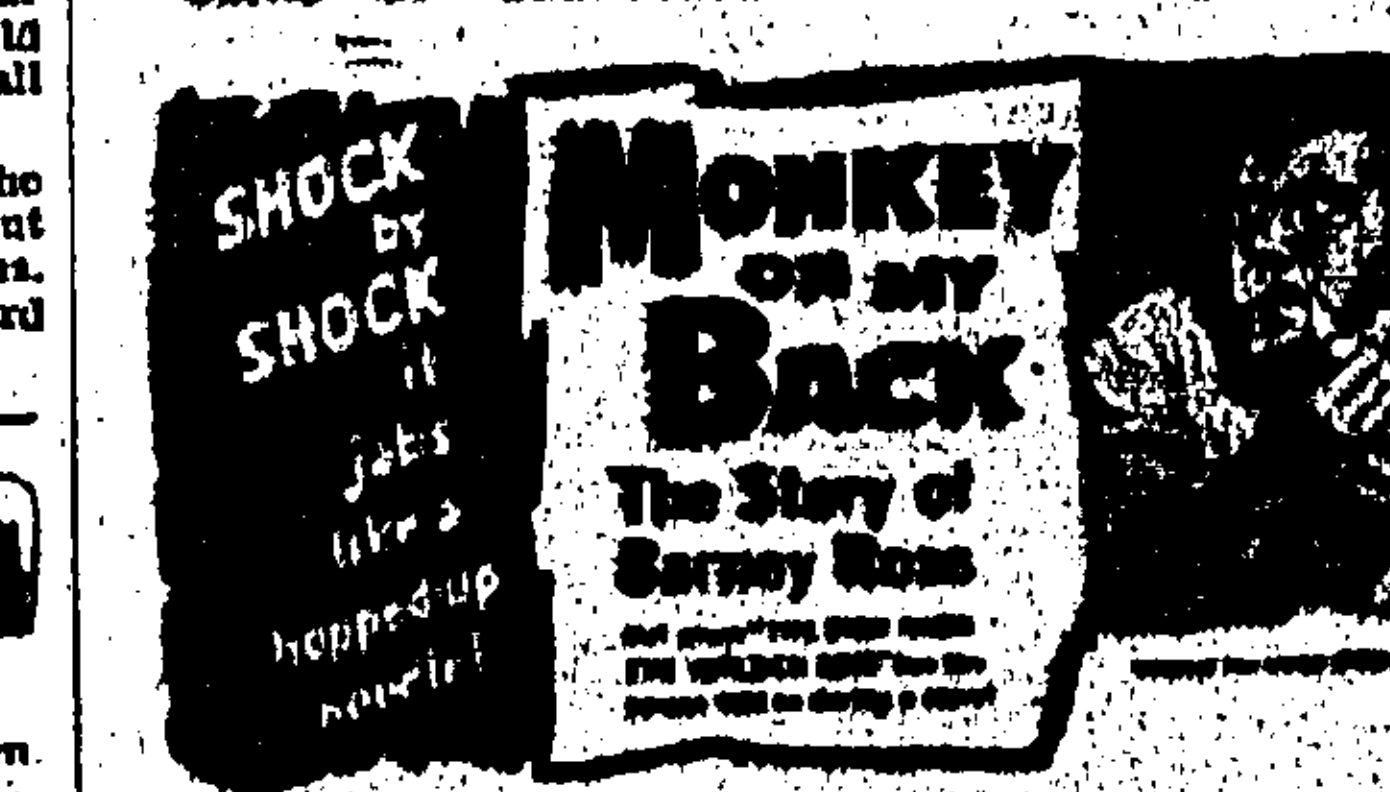
BROADWAY: To-morrow Special Morning Show At 11.00 a.m.
COLUMBIA TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS
— At Reduced Prices —

HOOPER & LIBERTY

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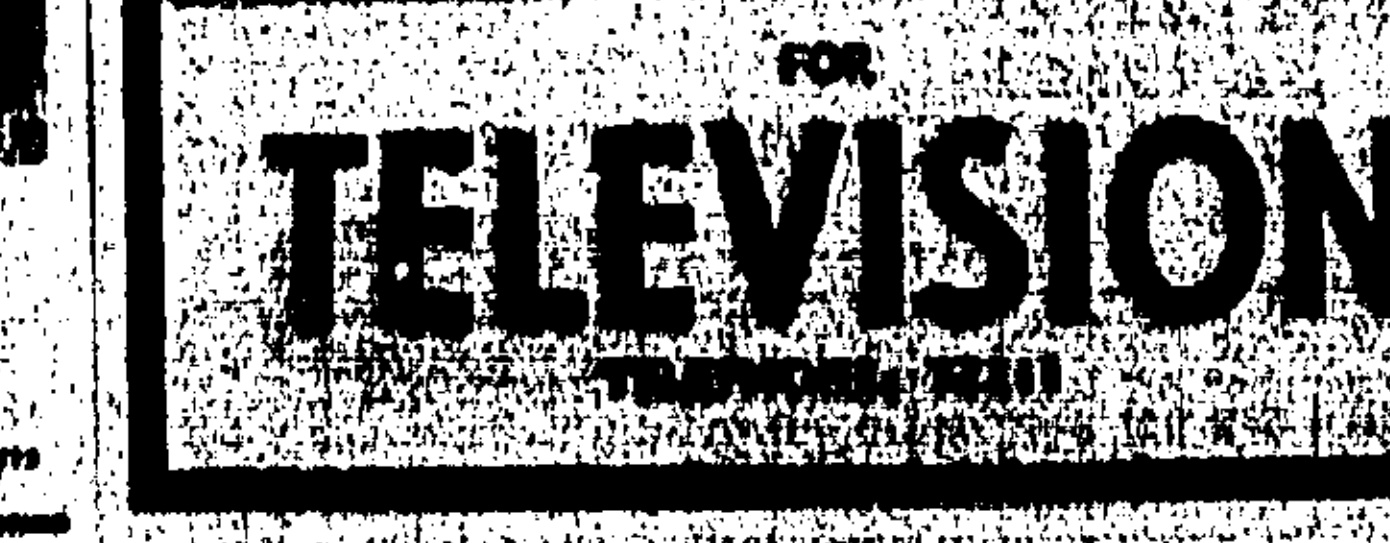
NOW PLAYING 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

A Daring Story! A Powerful Melodrama With The Battle of Guadalcanal as its Background!!!



Starring Cameron Mitchell and Dianne Foster
SPECIAL SUNDAY MATINEE: REDUCED ADMISSION
HOOPER at 12.00 noon Liberty at 12.30 p.m.
Patrick McInerney John Sands in "ALADDIN AND HIS LAMP" Bob Hope Virginia Mayo in "PRINCESS AND THE PIRATE"

FOR TELEVISION



Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

NOW WE HAVE TROUT PERFORMING!

Telegraphic
Tabloids

Lyons.
Francine Viallet, 31, plunged seven floors from the window of her boyfriend's apartment after an argument. She landed unhurt in a sandpile and headed for a nearby canal.
The concierge of the apartment building caught her before she could jump into the water. —United Press.

Arnside.
A cat was listed last week as the 20th victim of an outbreak of paratyphoid fever. Veterinarians said the cat caught it from its master, one of 10 persons affected.
Cat and master were reported recovering. —United Press.

Milan.
Sixty mourners, summoned through an error of identification, marched in the funeral of the wrong nun yesterday. The nun to whom they were related turned out to be alive. —United Press.

London.
The British Ministry of Pensions and National Health formally notified its staff that "in determining whether a person is a child, the prime consideration is his age." —United Press.

Rochester.
Sixteen-year-old Dawn Foster ruled as "King Queen" of the Midway College of Technology and Art. She was chosen from 11 contestants in a beauty contest in which the entrants paraded in four fashions.

Bury St Edmunds.
The Central Cinema here showed "Birth Without Fear" as a film on so-called palaeolithic child birth.
During the film five members of the audience fainted. Four of them were men. —United Press.

SCHOOLMARMs
(British Ones)ADVISED NOT
TO LOOK LIKE
SCHOOLMARMs

London.
BRITAIN'S schoolmarm Association President to smarten up and stop looking like schoolmarm.
The call to improve came from the classroom following a meeting of the association of assistant mistresses in secondary schools. It was directed to all parts of Britain which the Association President said she was going to visit to see how many frumpy, dowdy teachers and too few capable of drawing wolf-whistles.

Not Vanity

Miss Madeleine De Mont, the Association's 56-year-old spinster President, emphasized that the call for powder, lipstick and straight stockings wasn't just idle vanity.
"It sometimes worries me," she said, "whether I would not do better to spend a little more time preparing MYSELF for lessons even at the cost of spending a little less time in preparing the lessons."
Miss De Mont recommended powder, lipstick, a little rouge on occasion — but no mascara for the schoolmarm who looks like a schoolmarm. —United Press.

TONY—THE PONY—JUST WON'T
GIVE UP

London.
THEY can't keep 14-year-old Tony away from the pit. All he wants to do is work.
For eight years the sturdy pony—black and shiny as the coal he has hauled along the pit-bottom—played a work.
Four weeks ago he got a foot infection at Woking Colliery, Duxford, near Barnby, and was sent off to the Coal Board's home-of-rest pony farm a mile away.

But the grooms cannot keep him from the pit.
Five times he has got out of Manor Hall Farm during the night and trotted down to the pit-head cage ready to start work with the 5 a.m. shift.
And when he was let out for a leg-stretch last week, he did it again. He galloped off to the stables, chased by head groom Albert Turner.
Tony was stubborn. But so was Albert Turner. He captured

Literary Wits Make
Fun Of Death

By JAMES C. O'NEILL

San Francisco.
A NEW collector's item in the literary world shows that death can be made a laughing matter.

Nat Schmulowitz, a San Francisco lawyer, has brought out a private edition of completely authentic epitaphs, and as macabre a collection of graveyard wit and tombstone humour it would be hard to find.

The collection, limited to 250 copies, preserves the dying art of saying bitter, blunt and biting comments about those who have had their last say.

Some of the epitaphs are self-written and express either rue or relief:

Here lies I and my three daughters
Killed by drinking Cheltenham Water:
If we had stuck to Epsom Salts,
We'd not be lying in these here vaults.

Here lies my wife, poor Molly, let her lie.
She finds repose at last, and so do I.

Here I lie, and no wonder I am dead,
For the wheel of a wagon went over my head.

Some combine the thoughts of the living and the dead:
As I am now, so you must be.
Therefore, prepare to follow me.
(Then added later):
To follow you, I'm not content,
How do I know which way you went?

Some of the richest are those written by others about those who have no chance to retort:

Entombed within this vault a lawyer lies
Who, fame assured was just and wise,
An able advocate and honest too;
That's wonderful strange, indeed, if it be true.

Tread softly mortals o'er the bones
Of this world's wonder, Captain Jones,
Who told his glorious deeds to many
Yet never was believed by any.

Posterity let this suffice
He swore all's true, yet here he lies.

Here lies the body of Jonathan near
Whose mouth is stretched, 'ere this wonder,
Tread softly, stranger, o'er this wonder,
For if he yawns you're gone, by thunder!

And Schmulowitz offers this example of brevity as the soul of wit:

On the twenty-second of June
Jonathan Fiddle went out of tune. —United Press.

THE MAN WITH
A PANE
IN HIS TUMMY

London.

The man in the grey double-breasted raincoat tore the brown paper off the parcel he was carrying under his arm, snapped bits off the pane of glass inside, and began to nibble at the pieces.

He was, at the time, wandering aimlessly through the lanes of warehouses, cellars, and standard lamps in a furniture shop in Priestgate, Darlington.

Only the assistant manager, Mr. George Sheldon, seemed to notice the man, and no one will have difficulty in believing that he watched this customer fascinated.

Only a minute or two before the man, now champing on the glass like a child nibbling toffee, had asked the way out to the street.

Change

Mr. Sheldon had told him, and the man, fortifying himself no doubt against the cold outside, began to break off chunks of a really indigestible size.

There was nothing Mr. Sheldon could do except quietly to warn other customers to keep clear of the jagged window pane the man was carrying.

Chewing thoughtfully on his glass the man left and went into a baker's shop next door. He bought a cake and handed the girl behind the counter a £1 note.

work-happy Tony, dragged him into a stable. Then he tied him up and belted the deer.

Said Albert—who has looked after pit ponies for 50 years—“He just insists on going back to work—and I can't stop him. Two put him in five different fences in fields. But he always gets out. I just don't know how he does it. He's better than Houdini at getting out of tight corners.”

NEVER TOO
LATE

Florence.

Little Maria Leonida of the small town of Nibbiano will receive a real bridge as a delayed Christmas present.

In a letter to Santa Claus the girl asked for a bridge to span the Chioma stream, so that she would not have to walk several miles to school.

Local officials who received the letter gave Maria her Christmas present. Work on the bridge began last week. —United Press.

Unusual
Claims On
Insurance
Company

By MIKE POSNER

Hartford, Conn.

IF you think you had tough luck in 1957, listen to the woes of these people to whom the Travelers Insurance Company paid off unusual claims.

For example, a man was quietly enjoying a dinner in a Los Angeles restaurant when a light fixture fell on his head.

Consider the home owner in Miami Beach, who took advantage of a warm day to water his lawn. A 15-pound coconut plunged from a 42-foot tree and bounced off his head.

Rolled Out

In San Diego, one young man's troubles started when he took a peaceful nap. He rolled from a double-decker bed right out a window onto the ground.

A man in Salt Lake City, heard his wife fall in their hotel bathroom. He hopped out of bed to aid her and broke a leg.

Some people had tough breaks by just walking. A Chicago woman broke her nose when she stopped to pat her pet cat and tripped over it.

In Denver a woman caught her toe in the hem of her negligee, and fell with a crash.

A polished plate glass door was so clear that a New York woman didn't know it was there until she started to walk through it.

Two Wrists

A Philadelphia student made a bomb which worked so well it shattered the basement of his home and sent him to a hospital.

A Halifax woman slipped on an icy sidewalk and broke a wrist. En route to a hospital her car slammed into another car. She broke the other wrist.

A rubber company executive in upstate New York was attempting to impress an insurance examiner with his health. The executive hopped up and down on one leg with so much enthusiasm he broke a heel.

In Des Moines, a man had some unlucky luck. He leaped too far back in his swivel chair and suffered a back injury that two hospitals couldn't cure. While his wife was driving him home from the second hospital the car smashed into another vehicle. Both husband and wife were tossed out but hubby said his back pains vanished and he felt like a new man again. —United Press.

Andrew, 3,
Runs Away
—To School

London.
Andrew Russell is only three—but already he is the schoolmaster's delight and a mother's dilemma. He actually WANTS to go to school.

Three times in the last few months he has driven his parents frantic by running away.

Jostling

Police, friends, and neighbours have joined in the search. Each time he's been found in a school, jostling with youngsters in their playground, or wandering through the classrooms!

"It's no good just locking the door while I'm working in the kitchen," said his mother, 23-year-old Mrs. Jennifer Russell. "He'll drag a chair to the door and stretch to reach the lock and bolt."

In the front room, of their home in Hinda Street, Eton, Mrs. Russell, Andrew was playing schools in front of TV—supplying reciting nursery rhymes with the announcer.

Local schools won't take Andrew until he is five.



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bottleAndrew, 3,
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HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



LIBERAL LUDO

Ludovic Kennedy, husband of ballet dancer Moira Shearer, springs a political surprise, more popular with the Labour electorate than split-vote Tories, when he announced the intention of running as Liberal Party candidate. EXPRESS



RED RAJA

Raja Kirsanova, Russia's No. 1 tennis girl, a Soviet Master of Sport, gets hints from Fred Perry before facing Wimbledon as Russia's first ever entry. EXPRESS

TEACH CLASSICS

Johnny Lee, newly appointed Classics master at Choam, according to his former housemaster at Westminster School was "not all that good at classics, but very good at fencing, you know." He later captained the Oxford University fencing team — and perhaps improved on his classics too. EXPRESS



CASUAL CLOTHING

Princess Anna wore corduroy trousers let down several times to grace the Meet of the West Norfolk Foxhounds. EXPRESS

TOOTHACHE

Maroc—just like you or me—has had to have his wisdom teeth removed. EXPRESS.

AGRICULTURE

John Hare, now Minister of Agriculture, gets the low down from his own tractor driver. EXPRESS



BARTOK BACK

After a filming session in Germany, Eva Bartok returns to her cottage at Kingston, Surrey, to be with her daughter Deana. The picture shows her in one of her now famous hats driving away from London airport. EXPRESS

FLY AWAY HAL

The Prime Minister of Britain and Lady Dorothy Macmillan are seen boarding another craft at London Airport at the beginning of their Commonwealth tour. In spite of a cold snap the Prime Minister boarded the plane without a top coat. EXPRESS

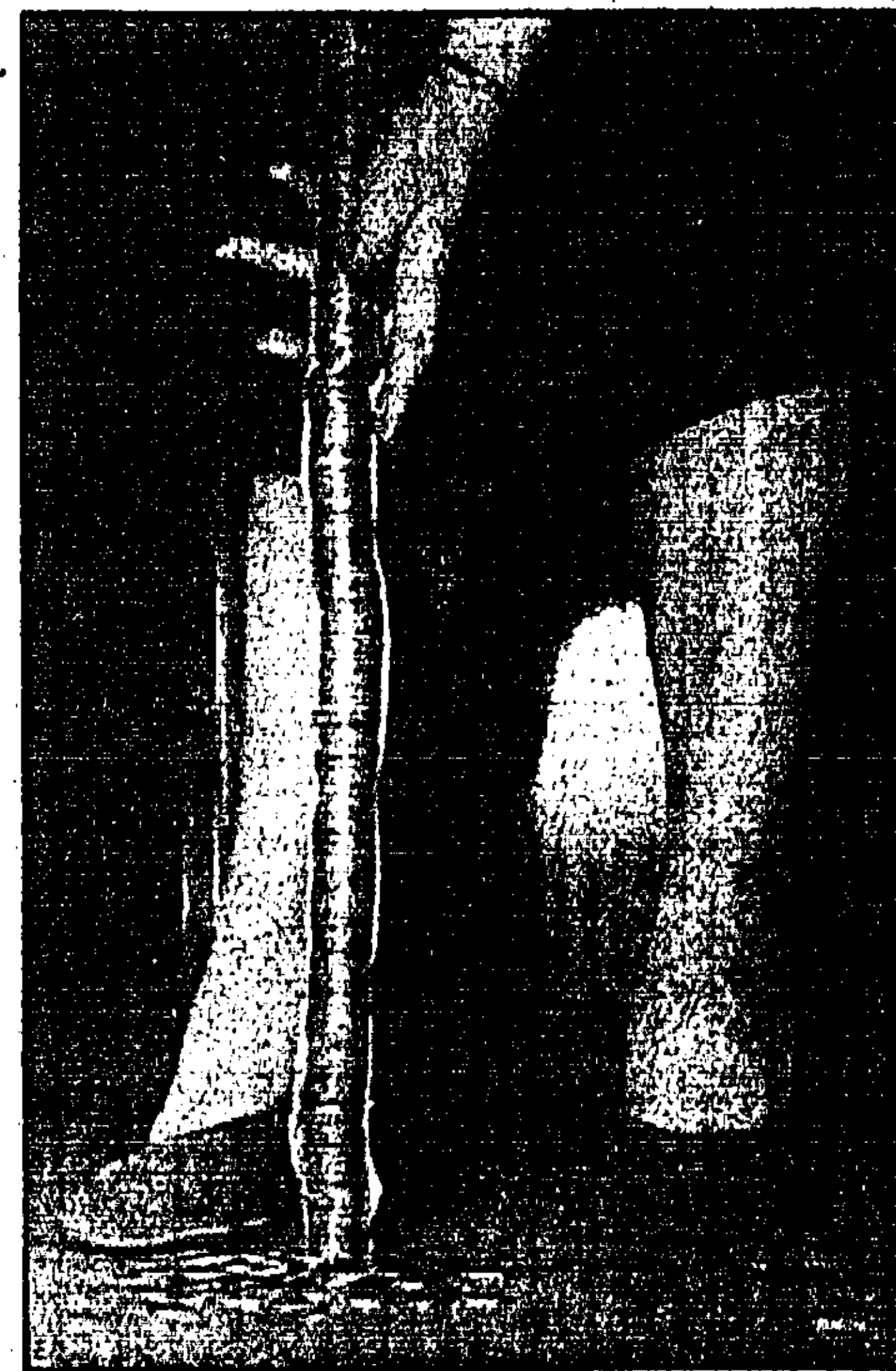
HUMAN CASH BOX

Ha'penny Harry was a man who believed in saving cash. But he had to part with his tin's savings last week to get a hospital dinner of roast lamb, turnips, and potatoes. The meal cost him £1 17s 5d, paid in 366 half-pennies (stacked right), 11 pennies, 26 threepenny bits, 26 sixpences, and four shillings. Altogether 5 lb 8 oz of coinage was removed from his stomach at Sedgfield Hospital, Co. Durham, before he was free to return home... to Winterton Mental Hospital. EXPRESS

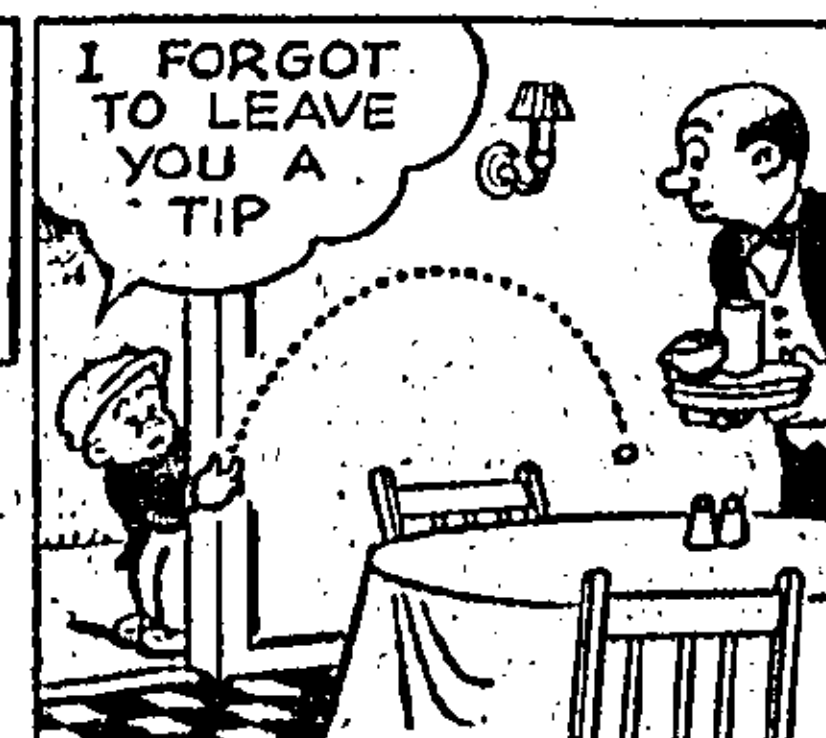
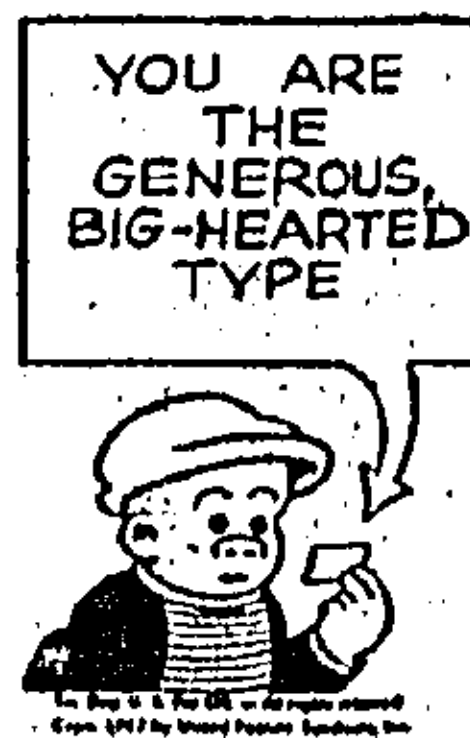
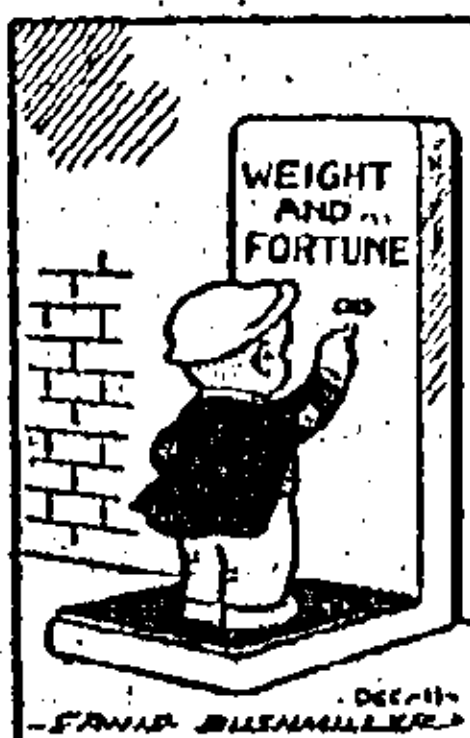
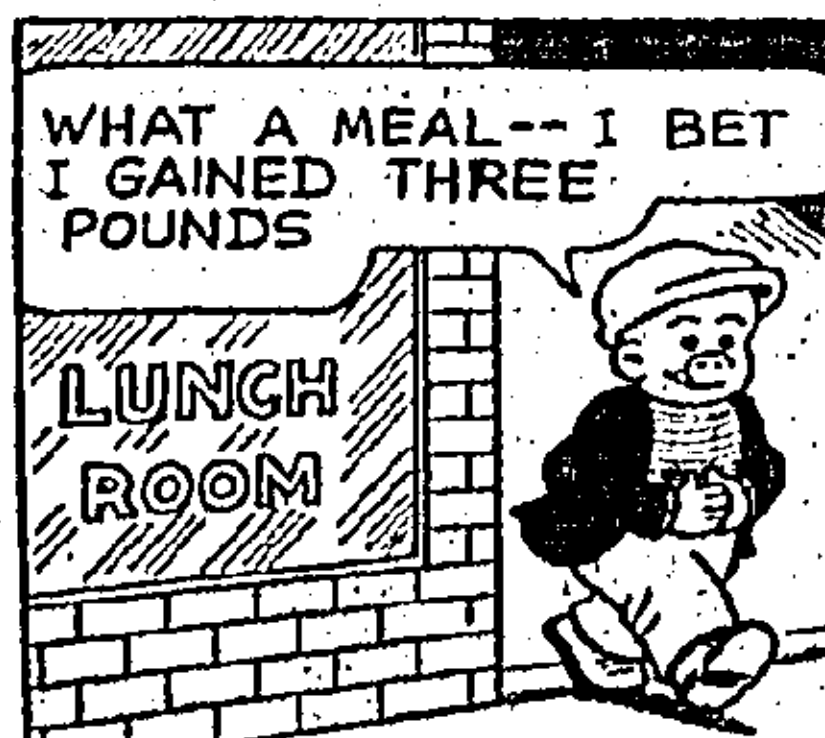


WONDER BABIES

The Bennett quads of London's East End are a month old and "making wonderful progress." They are no longer dependent on machines to keep them alive, and mother Mary Bennett who visits them each day can now take them out of their incubators. The two boys who were born first are the heaviest... David 5 lb 2 oz, and Anthony 5 lb 15 oz... will soon be fit enough to go home. The girls Thelma (4 lb 12 oz) and Beverley (4 lb 10 oz) will have to wait a bit longer. EXPRESS

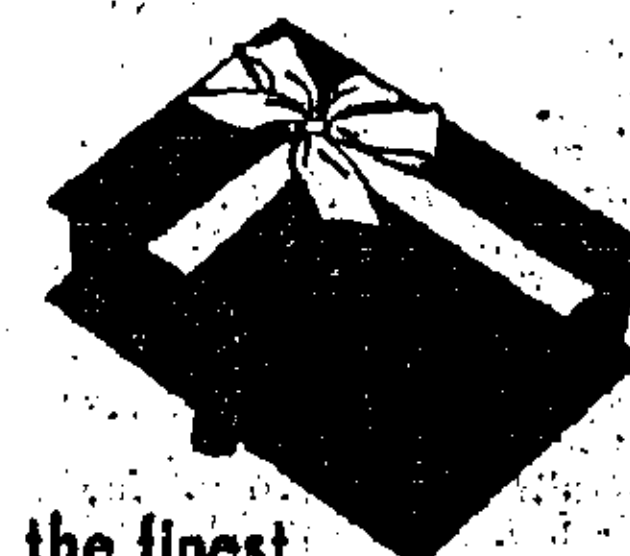


NANCY



By Ernie Bushmiller

BLACK MAGIC



GIANTS OF SPORT

No. 2

GOLDEN GIRL

SONJA HENIE is the Golden Girl of sport. No sportswoman has so completely dominated her own particular field. No sportswoman has so successfully cashed in on her talent.

It is twenty-one years since she retired from the amateur ice-skating rink, yet her record remains unequalled by man or woman. She was the first woman ever to win three Olympic gold medals. She is the only woman to have won the world figure skating championship ten times—in succession.

Miss Henie's supreme artistry has also brought her seven European titles, 1,500 medals, cups and other trophies, and several million dollars. She has become one of the richest women in the world.

Her success story began in the White Christmas of 1921 when Mr. Wilhelm Henie, an Oslo fur merchant, decided that a pair of ice-skates would be just the right gift for his eight-year-old daughter. The present proved to be a goldmine.

Within a year, his chubby, dimple-checked daughter had become the Oslo junior figure skating champion. At 14, she was champion of the world. At 15, she was Olympic champion.

Skimming and gliding over the ice, little Sonja became the toast of Europe, a favourite of kings, queens and princes. She was the greatest idol in Norway since Olaf.

How does one explain the meteoric rise of this diminutive Norwegian blonde, who eclipsed all other figure-skaters for an entire decade and retired undefeated at the age of only 23?

Will

LIKE all giants of sport, Sonja Henie had more than mere skill. She had that extra something which is the hallmark of every great champion—a tremendous will to win.

Such sentiments as "the game's the thing" and "sport for sport's sake" would be wasted on Sonja. She just hated to lose.

When she donned ice-skates for the first time she was obsessed with an ambition to be better than her brother Lief. When she was better than Lief, she wanted to be the best in Oslo.

And so it went on. Even as a famous star of ice-shows, she hated to have any rivals. In 1924, at the age of 11, she gained third place for figure-skating in her first Winter Olympics. She was so disappointed that she dropped out of all further competitions and started to practice seven hours every day.

In those days she had a permanent trainer and a governess. It was bed every night at eight o'clock; enemies were forbidden. At the age of 15 she wrote: "There must be sacrifice and hard work."

And for more than forty years her life has been one of almost Spartan denial. She has never smoked a cigarette or drunk a cocktail. Even now, at the age of 44, she practices almost every day and keeps in strict training all the year round, with special exercises, massage and dieting.

Ballet

SONJA has earned her success the hard way. But she could not have gained it alone. Her parents made a vital contribution.

Her father, once a world champion cyclist, devoted all his spare time—and money—to furthering his daughter's interest. And Mrs. Henie has accompanied Sonja all over the world.

They helped most of all by sending their daughter to ballet school. It was here, rather than on the ice, that Sonja Henie developed her wonderful sense of balance and poise.

The value of this training was best illustrated at Oslo in 1927, when she first won the world's figure skating championship.

Six women appeared before her—all modestly dressed and all cutting figures with great precision and style. Then came Froken Sonja Henie, a tiny figure in dazzling white silk and ermine, with a short skirt and a winning smile.

The fourteen-year-old Norwegian girl kept her dimpled smile intact throughout her performance and dramatised her figures as if for ballet by tilting her head and swivelling her free leg.

This was something quite new and it started a new fashion. In ice-skating. Later, Miss Henie studied ballet in London under the famous Russian ballerina, Karsavina and became the first to interpret ballet on ice. She was called "The Pavlova of Skating."

The young Sonja collected and gave exhibitions all over Europe. She skated before the

showed not the slightest interest.

So, with typical single-mindedness of purpose, she signed an ice-show in Hollywood. A fat film contract was delivered almost immediately. And, three years later, the national film exhibitors' poll placed Sonja Henie as the third biggest box-office attraction in the United States. Shirley

Temple came first; Clark Gable second.

Miss Henie, whose first film was called "One in a Million", has gone on to make a fortune in show business. Always investing her money wisely, she has become known as the "six-figure skater."

She owns a skyscraper, large blocks of flats, a big export and import business, and scores of American ice-rinks. She has built up a magnificent collection of precious stones; it is said she could match her weight in her own diamonds and jewellery. Her private collection of furs has been called the finest in America.

In recent years Sonja Henie has emerged as a fabulous personality in the true Hollywood tradition. Two years ago, she threw an extravagant party at which a live hippopotamus and a steam organ were among the attractions. Miss Henie, wearing a £35,000 dia-

mond tiara, arrived on a baby elephant.

In this way, Sonja Henie, the entertainer, has almost eclipsed the memory of Froken Sonja, the sportswoman. And yet she remains one of the great athletes of our time.

A professor of physical education has estimated that the amount of effort she puts into a single performance is greater than that expended by a heavyweight champion going the full fifteen rounds. And, remember, Miss Henie has been touring with her ice-shows for nearly a quarter of a century.

It seems incredible that she has been able to keep up the pace so long. But she loves skating above all else and has said that she will not retire until it has stopped being fun. Friends say she will die with her skates on.

Chiefly because skating is her first love, Miss Henie's first two marriages were unsuccessful. Her six-year marriage to the pianist Dan Topping ended in 1943. Three years later she married Winthrop Gardner, an aircraft company executive and former test pilot.

At the time, Miss Henie said: "I have all the money I shall ever need and I just want to be with my husband." But the stay-at-home mood did not last long, so much did her feet itch for the ice again.

Last year she married Niels Onstad, a Norwegian shipping magnate, whom she had known since she was a little girl. Fortunately, he takes a keen interest in her ice-skating.

By John Cottrell

royalty of Belgium, Britain, Norway and Sweden.

In 1936, at the age of 23, she gained the world title for the tenth year in succession and won her third Olympic gold medal at Berlin, where she received a personal word of praise from Adolf Hitler.

Then, at last satisfied with her amateur achievements, she undisciplined queen of the ice abdicated and turned professional.

The late King Haakon marked the end of her amateur career by investing her with the decoration of Knight First Class of the Order of St. Olav.

She was the first woman to receive this honour, the highest the King of Norway can bestow upon a civilian subject.

The Skating Pavlova started as a professional with a barnstorming tour of the United States. But to her surprise and disappointment, the film world



SHE was born 58 years ago in a small village not far from Dublin.

She was christened Edris Stannus.

Since then she has been called "a terrifying woman," "a miniature Pavlova," "the Diaghilev of British ballet," "the power behind some of the world's greatest dancers."

She is Dame Ninette de Valois, founder, director, choreographer, ballet mistress, administrator and general inspirer of the former Sadler's Wells Ballet, now the Royal Ballet.

Dame Ninette is a small, vivacious woman, with a pretty and feminine face. Her eyes are bright and piercing, reminding you that she is reputed to have

one of the most brilliant business brains in Britain. Her talk is rapid and precise. You remember that she has complained that "my greatest problem is how to cram 30 hours' work into 24."

But the quality which, probably more than any other, has endeared her to Britain and the world is her extraordinary will. Without that, she would never have given us one of the world's leading corps de ballet.

Not so strange? Not today.

But in 1931 the world's most famous and sought-after dancers could only run for five weeks a year in London.

In '31, those few Londoners who were interested in ballet believed English dancers lacked the fire necessary for great ballerinas. They were "too reserved."

DAME NINETTE

Dame Ninette de Valois talks to David Blair and Svetlana Berisova. Her dancers have a healthy respect for her opinions on their performances.

by MARY McALPINE

So Edris Stannus had to change her name to Ninette de Valois; Alice Marks to Alicia Markova; Pat Kay to Anton Dolin.

Today, British dancers are called Beryl Grey, Pamela May, Moira Shearer, Michael Somes. And they spell big box office business.

Today, the Royal Ballet fills every seat in the enormous Royal Opera House at Covent Garden for nine months a year, and plays before packed houses in foreign capitals for the other three months.

★ ★ ★

All because of a small, little woman with a dream which she willed into reality.

Dame Ninette is said to be as ruthless a boss as her own one-time boss, Diaghilev. But she is ruthless with a purpose.

"Unity of style and tradition are the most important qualities of a ballet company," she said. And hard work with strict discipline are two prerequisites to these qualities.

A London critic once wrote that "like a gardener she sometimes tends to nip off today's buds in order that later blossoms should be more magnificent."

For a woman whose task was to build a ballet company in a

city coldly indifferent to her work, Dame Ninette has shown remarkable courage and honesty. She has never stooped to importing foreign stars or introducing publicity-gaining novelties.

She has kept to two principles: her company would work as a unit; they would dance in the classical tradition. The latter, incidentally, is surprising. The two years Ninette de Valois danced with Diaghilev were two of his most experimental years.

And she has never allowed her stars to be treated as "celebrities."

A few years ago, the company was travelling by night train from Paris to Brussels. They had four berths between 40 of them. Madam made the decision.

"The stage staff," she said, "will have the sleepers. The electrician, carpenter and stage managers must work all next day. The stars can sleep in their hotel."

Dame Ninette sat up all night, too. This remarkable woman has created such a love for ballet in Britain that a year ago a group waiting in an all-night queue to buy cheap gallery seats collected £25 to buy Dame Ninette an 18th century clock. Top subscription allowed was a shilling.



SONJA... the six figure skater

Sonja Henie has had one big worry throughout her spectacular career—a fear that she might suffer a serious injury while speeding and whirling on the ice at 35 miles per hour and more.

She has, her legs insured for thousands of pounds. All skaters in her ice shows are forbidden to wear hair pins lest one should fall out and cause an accident.

Considering the thousands of hours she has spent on the ice, the number of accidents has been small. She suffered concussion in a fall while filming "Happy Landings"; another time, she broke a rib.

She was shocked at Baltimore in 1952 when a grandstand collapsed at one of her ice-shows and injured 400 people. Afterwards, she was sued—unsuccessfully—for thousands of pounds.

But the mishap she remembers best damaged nothing more than her dignity. At a royal performance she came to curtsy before King George VI and Queen Mary—and fell flat on the ice.



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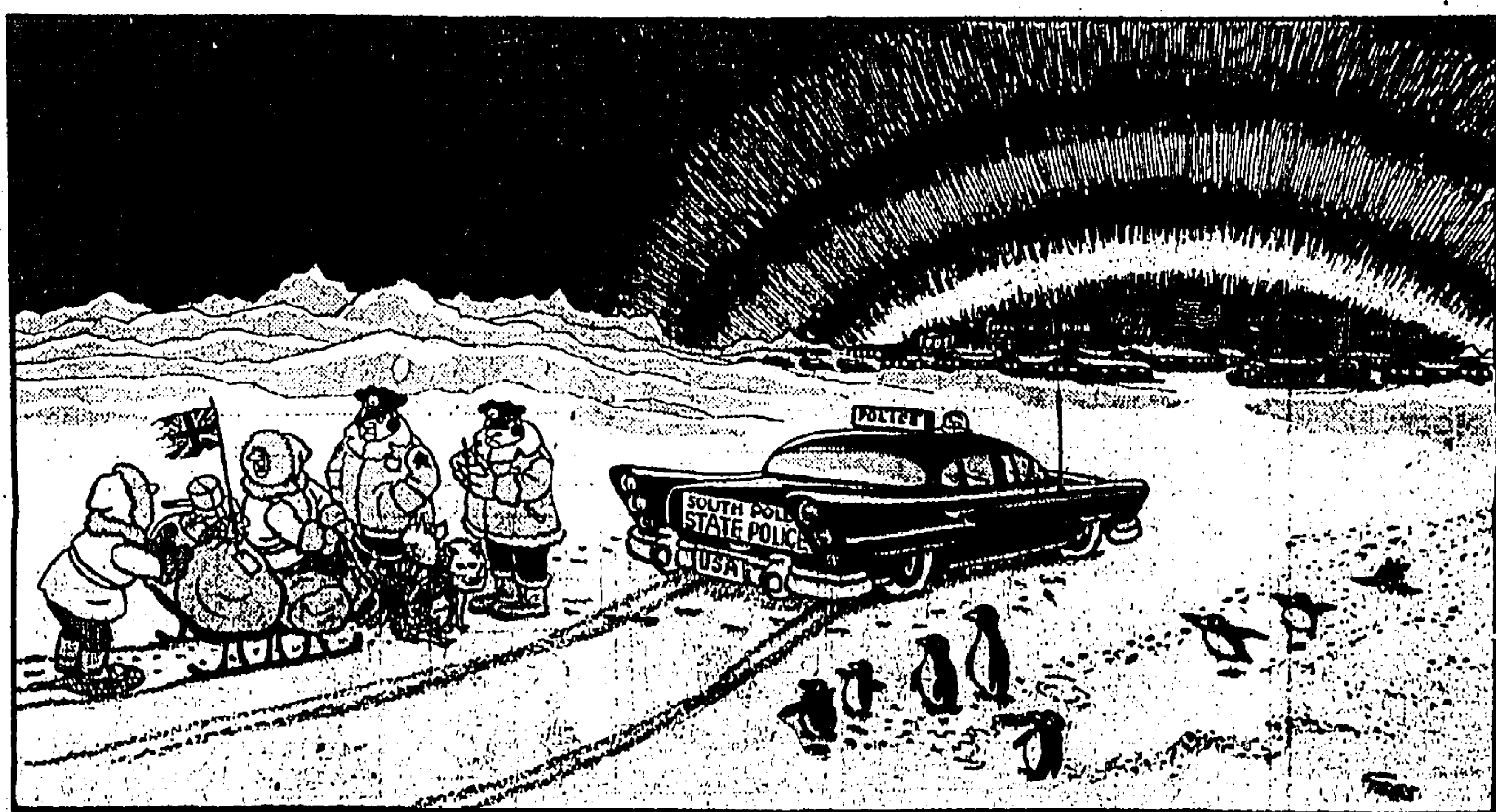
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Confounded cheek. They're giving us a ticket for speeding!



"The more you tell that man about the war, the more you hinder the winning of it..."

THE Prime Minister had invited me to Chequers for the night of Sunday, April 27, 1941; I motored down from London with General Ismay, Military Secretary to the War Cabinet, and we arrived at about 7 p.m. I was talking to one of his secretaries when Mr. Churchill appeared in his "rompers," as he called his strange one-piece dark grey suit fitted with zip fasteners.

In his hand he carried a speech which he was to broadcast that evening. The secretaries were still working on it and were busy telephoning to London to check various points.

When I had had a bath I came downstairs to listen to the broadcast. A few minutes before 9 p.m. the Prime Minister walked through to his study, where the microphone was installed; he apologised for keeping us waiting at dinner, remarking that duty came first. When he had finished the speech, which he had delivered quietly and with little rhetoric, he joined us again, and we went into dinner at 10 p.m. I sat on his left, General Sir Alan Brooke, Commander-in-Chief, Home Forces, on his right — the others were Margesson, Lindemann, Mrs. Randolph Churchill and two secretaries.

First we discussed the Prime Minister's speech. He said that in his broadcast, he had had the Americans chiefly in mind. Telegrams began to come in almost at once, and were brought to Churchill. The political reaction in America had been good and messages of congratulation came from Winant and Harriman.

Presently the Prime Minister turned to me and asked me if I'd rather be in Wavell's shoes or in Rommel's. General Sir Archibald Wavell was then Commander-in-Chief, Middle East. I replied: "I'd rather be in any British general's shoes than in any German's — no matter what hole he might be in." "A very good answer," said Margesson, and the Prime Minister granted approval. (When I told Dill about this later, he said that, on his advice, Churchill had cut out of his speech a sentence to the effect that he would rather be in Wavell's shoes than Rommel's.)

Good stuff

Churchill called continually for more champagne, remarking that it was very good stuff. He said he wanted to see the Germans out of Cyrenaica quickly — he had thought of giving up chairs till they were out, and then had decided to give up snuff instead. A few days later he

said he had changed his mind, for he did not see why he should give up either snuff or cigars for any German.

He then tackled Brooke about the defence of the United Kingdom. Brooke repeated his estimate of the scale of German attack we should be prepared to meet. The Prime Minister brushed this aside, and said to him that he need not be frightened about his tanks and his equipment — very soon he would not have enough men to handle the stuff that was coming out so well from the factories. He then asked my opinion.

When he paused at last, I said I fully agreed with what he said about determination, and that he had based his accusations upon a misconception of the thoughts that were in my head; that it did not mean defeatism to consider the worst case as well as other possibilities — that was a normal function of any commander or of any staff.

He then asked my opinion.

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Drawing by WHITEAR

flushed and he shouted: "Wavell has 400,000 men. If they lost Egypt, blood will flow. I will have firing parties to shoot the generals."

"You need not be afraid they will not fight," I replied. "Of course they will fight. I am only arguing that we should decide the price we are prepared to pay and can afford to pay for the defence of the Middle East."

But his wrath was not appeased. He accused me of defeatism in even thinking it possible that Egypt might be lost; he said that I must get such ideas out of my head — determination was what was needed.

When he paused at last, I said I fully agreed with what he said about determination, and that he had based his accusations upon a misconception of the thoughts that were in my head; that it did not mean defeatism to consider the worst case as well as other possibilities — that was a normal function of any commander or of any staff.

He then asked my opinion.

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should it be forced upon him, and that, even in the unlikely event of our having to clear out of Egypt, it would not mean defeat, for there were other lines on which we could stand, to prevent the Germans breaking out on the Indian Ocean and the Persian Gulf.

At this he fairly exploded. "This comes as a flash of lightning to me," he exclaimed. "I never heard such ideas. War is a contest of wills. It is pure defeatism to speak as you have done."

"You would not consider General Smuts a defeatist, would you?" I asked. "No," he replied. "Well," I said, "have you read the speech he made yesterday? He talked about these same possibilities. It is necessary to calculate them quite calmly in order to arrive at the price we are prepared to pay."

The others had sat silent through all this and Brooke had not intervened on my side, although I knew I had said nothing with which he did not agree. Perhaps he felt it useless to do so. I thought of his plans for possible withdrawal in France, and of other similar plans in other campaigns. But I felt that the argument had gone on long enough, and that we were having a row about a hypothetical case which was not of immediate importance. I also blamed myself for having started the argument at all when the Prime Minister was obviously tired and unreasonable.

I managed to avoid being provoked into losing my temper. It was a new experience for me to be dubbed a defeatist, and I can remember, even at this distance of time, my blazing anger and the difficulty of repressing it. I had not yet learned that this was the Prime Minister's reproach, from which nobody was immune. I said no more, and we got up from the table.

It was now about midnight, and we retired to the hall, where we stood round the fire, and the conversation went back to tanks. Presently we went into the Prime Minister's study.

Churchill walked up and down. From time to time he came up to me, and repeated

what he had said at dinner about war being a contest of wills, and so forth. He then said: "I will tell you an experience I once had. In April 1918 I was not in the War Cabinet — I was Minister of Munitions. But I put in a memorandum upon the action of the British Army. As you know, Haig wanted to fall back to the sea if the Germans broke through. I argued that he should fall back, with the mass of the French armies, on Paris. Then Foch swept all that aside. He said: 'We shall do neither — we shall launch a counter-offensive and the situation was saved. That has always been a lesson to me.' I said: 'I think you were right to consider the plan for withdrawal — it did not necessarily imply that we would withdraw. It happened that that was the right moment to attack, and Foch had the insight to see it.'"

Reverting to Egypt, he said, "The German advance in Cyrenaica was the quintessence of generalship. It is generalship we need in Egypt."

"My plan for winning the war is this," he said a little later. "One thousand tons of bombs a night on Germany — we are only averaging 50 now — and 20,000 tanks or so, ready to land all along the coasts of Europe."

Very badly

At about 3 a.m. Churchill announced that it was time for bed, and coming up to me, he said: "I am going to have breakfast in bed — I advise you to do the same."

I certainly came out of this evening very badly, and I blamed myself for having started such an argument at the dinner-table. I did at least learn that a discussion with the Prime Minister in the presence of others was a very different matter from one in private.

Later, I realised the wisdom of the technique which Brooke acquired after many stormy passages, with the Prime Minister. Brooke found it an invaluable rule never to tell Churchill more than was absolutely necessary. I remember him, once scoring out nine-tenths of the draft of a minute

WINSTON EXPLODES:

"THIS IS PURE DEFEATISM"

stream into irrelevant backwaters. (London Express Service). The business of war is published by Hutchinsons, price 25s.

NEXT WEEK
The Conspiracy
Of Brass Hats

COMMENTARY
BY FRANK OWEN

EVEN as late as the end of April, 1941, British Military Staff opinion about Hitler's threatened invasion of this country was that "he might yet come!"

Thus, General Kennedy tells today of a dinner he attended on Sunday, April 27, of that year, which was given by the Prime Minister, Winston Churchill, at Chequers. Also present there was General Sir Alan Brooke, then Commander-in-Chief Home Forces, and a discussion developed about the defence of the United Kingdom.

Both Brooke and Kennedy maintained that our military strength here was below the safety level (which was also then the official estimate of General Sir John Dill, Chief of Imperial General Staff). It was the view of Churchill that we could spare some of our tanks from home to send to the British Eighth Army, then fighting a desperate holding battle along the desert Mediterranean shore of Cyrenaica.

For Churchill had a fixation about hanging on to Egypt, the Suez Canal and the Middle East. Only thus could we keep our own effective communication with India, Australasia and the Far East and, at the same

time, ward off the Nazis from those treasured oilfields of Iraq and Persia.

In fact, that North African desert shore line was a "lifeline." In this appreciation of the vital needs of a global war plan, Churchill was infinitely shrewder than his Service Chiefs' advisers.

A global war. It was not so yet, though it would develop that way within two months when Hitler launched his vast assault on Russia in mid-June 1941. And then, within six months more, the war circle of the world would be completed, when Japan would seize the opportunity of her neighbour's troubles to make her own plunder grab.

It would not be true to say that Churchill foresaw all the links in this chain of destiny. It would be true to say that he continually pondered just where was Hitler going to unleash those scores of panzer divisions which he had been systematically withdrawing for months past from Western Europe.

Perhaps their destination was — the Balkans? The Caucasus? Turkey and the Middle East? Who knew? Well, at any rate, insisted the wise old Winston, hold on to that lifeline of our own!



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Good stuff

Churchill called continually for more champagne, remarking that it was very good stuff. He said he wanted to see the Germans out of Cyrenaica quickly — he had thought of giving up chairs till they were out, and then had decided to give up snuff instead. A few days later he

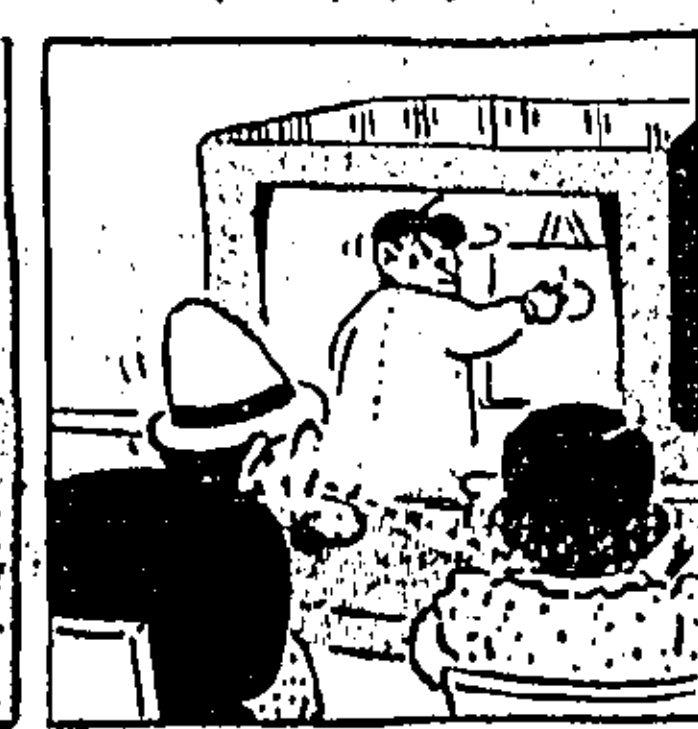
I said I believed our forces at home were now below their proper level. I felt we should make up our minds how much we ought to have at home and then not send any more away, whatever the consequences might be in other places which, in the ultimate resort, were less important. He replied that I need not be anxious because the limitation of shipping would prevent us from sending too much away. "Your ships have already been enough," said Brooke, "to take too much away from home."

The Prime Minister then turned the discussion to Egypt and asked me what I thought of the situation there. I said I did not feel much anxiety about the immediate future. Eventually everything would depend upon what we could do to cut the German line of communications across the Mediterranean, and through the desert, and I added that what we had done so far to interrupt their communications was not enough.

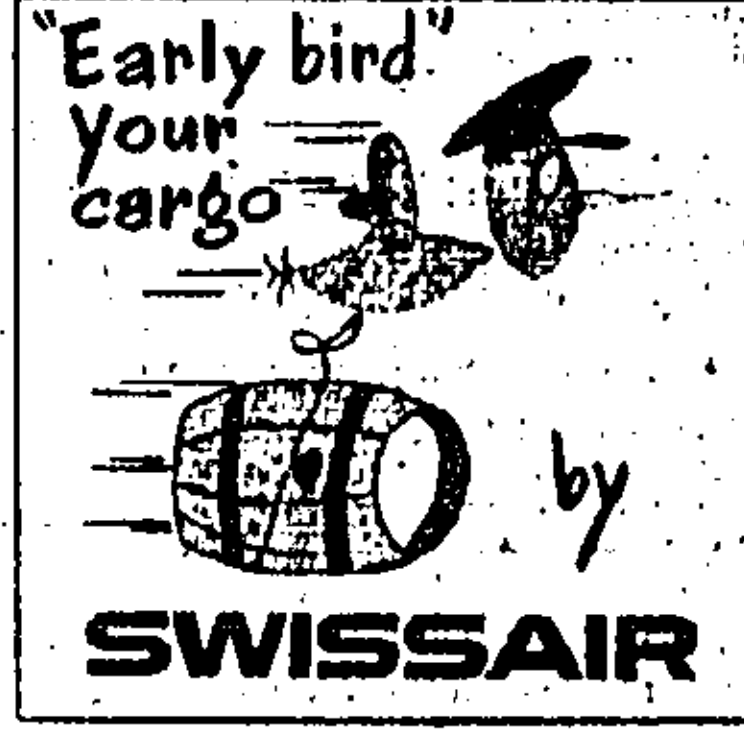
I said that, in time, if we did not interrupt their communications, the Germans might bring such a scale of attack to bear on Egypt, from east and west, that we would be unable to provide adequate forces for its defence.

Churchill flushed at this and lost his temper. His eyes

FERD'NAND



By Mik



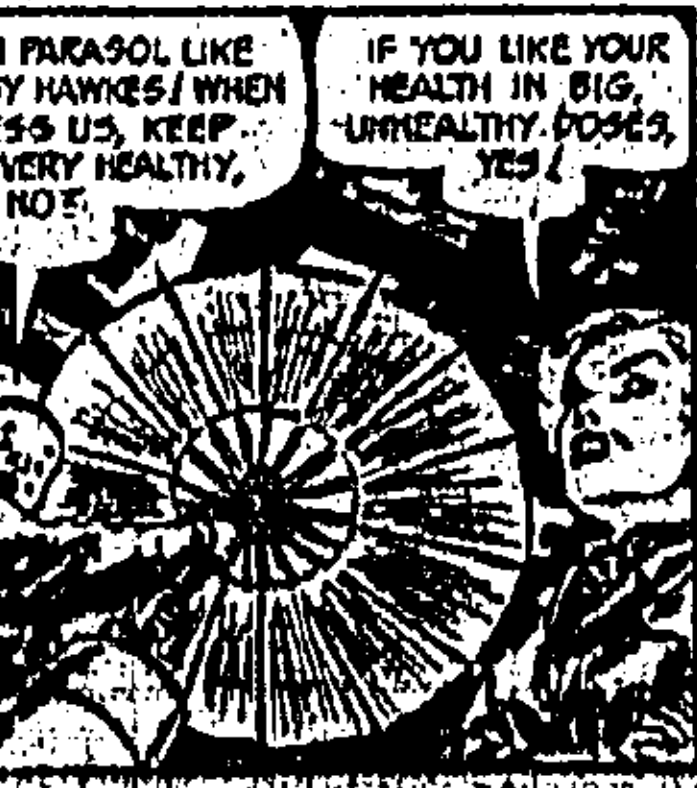
MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN



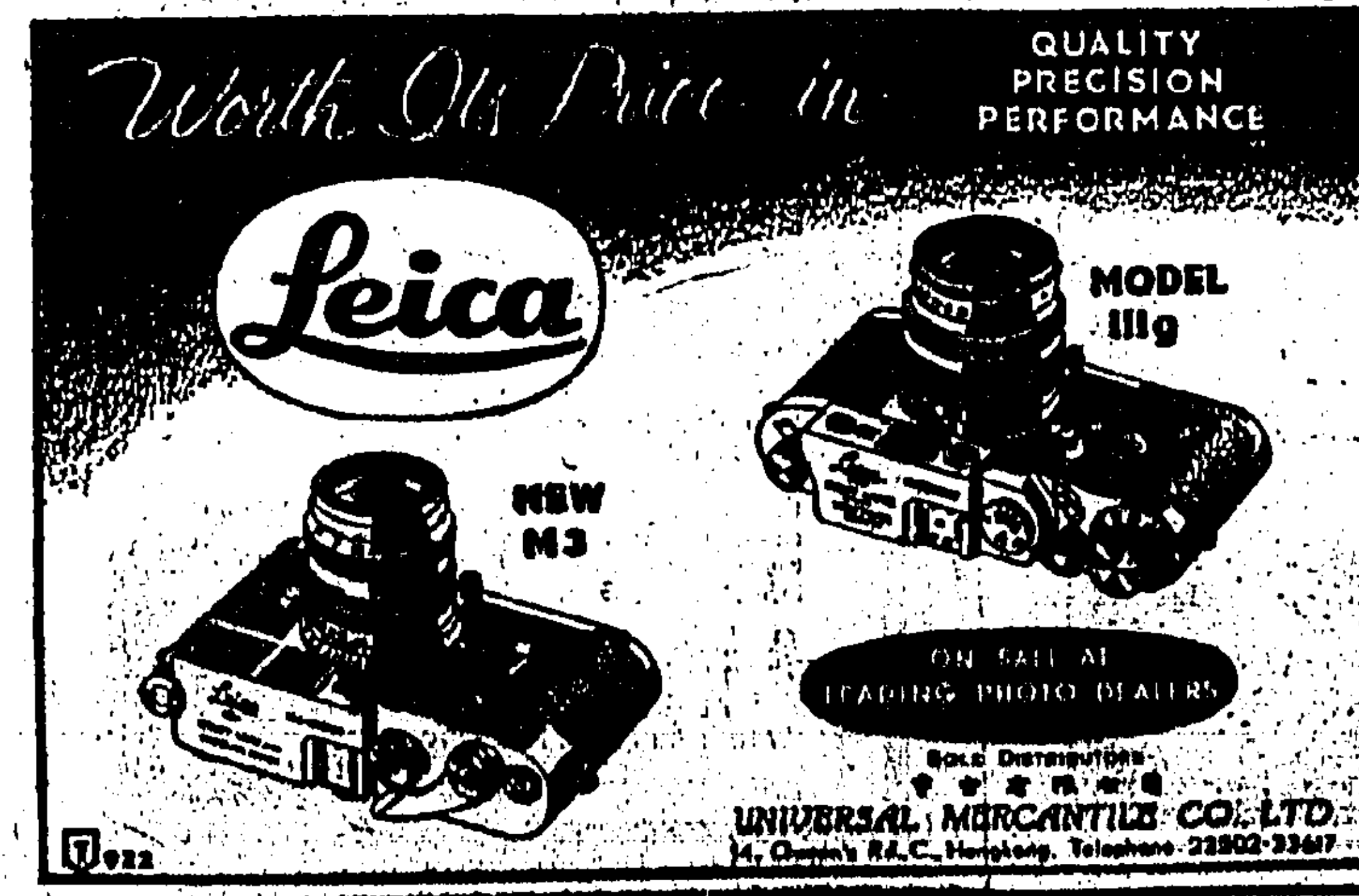
By Lee Falk and Phil Davis



JOHNNY HAZARD



By Frank Robbins



VIVIEN LEIGH

BEAUTY can irritate an actress.

And the woman who said this should know. Because Vivien Leigh for nearly a quarter of a century has been considered one of the world's most beautiful, as well as talented, actresses.

I talked to Lady Olivier for 40 minutes in the pleasant, white stone house in Chelsea which she and Sir Laurence rent from composer Sir William Walton.

I had expected this 44-year-old actress to look, at least, her age.

But she is still "slim, dark and fresh"—the words a London critic used 24 years ago when an unknown 19-year-old actress walked on stage and the next morning was proclaimed a star.

"Her name is Vivien Leigh. The small theatre bristled with opera glasses," this critic wrote in 1933.

Another enthused: "This girl is different. It is just as if she steps out proudly, a star to begin with. There seems to be nothing wrong with her."

"She is the greatest actress to be discovered since Magali Albanesi," a third declared. And ever since—with few exceptions—the same praise has been heaped on this small, fragile-looking woman.

Praise for her ability. Praise for her loveliness. But about her loveliness.

"In the beginning," Lady Olivier said, lighting a cigarette and sitting neat and upright in her chair, "I suppose good looks can be a help. But on the other hand, people are often inclined to attribute more to them than the work that has gone into the creating of a character."

And she is known by her colleagues as an intense worker. Sometimes this work has severely affected her health. Her breakdown in 1933 was attributed, in considerable part, to the strain of playing and filming Tennessee Williams' "A Streetcar Named Desire".

At that time, her husband told a reporter: "Vivien is not ambitious. It is her natural disposition that drives her at full pressure all the time. Like any great actress she wants to do better. I think she works too hard and I tell her so, but she is a very difficult person to advise."

Vivien Leigh was born Vivien Hartley, daughter of an English stock broker, in India in 1913. When she was six she moved with her parents to England and went to school in England, France, Germany and Italy.

"I always wanted to be an actress," she told me, "as far back as I can remember."

She was "an awfully bad student" and, although she played in school plays, "there certainly was nothing startling about me."

She was once known to desert the stage at school. She was playing in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," forgot her lines, and ran off stage in tears. She refused to return.

Her headmistress remembers her as a "dreamer". But the "dreamer" never seems to have been unrealistic about herself.

The morning after her "first night" triumph, when reporters, photographers, movie magnates with contracts ready, crowded around her, she was "frightened."

"It was exhilarating—but frightening. I knew I had a terrible responsibility to live up to the praise and fulfil the promise."

She turned down better movie offers than the £50,000 contract she accepted from Sir Alexander Korda, because "the others did not allow me time to act in the stage. And I knew I could not learn to act through films."

I suggested this was unusually sensible for a 20-year-old girl.

By MARY McALPINE

"I was a wife and mother of a child," she reminded me.

But, still, she was only 20. At 19, Vivien Hartley had married a young London barrister, Leigh Holman. She took his first name for her last stage-name, because Vivien Hartley or Holman is not a lovely enough tag for a beautiful actress.

And although this 20-year-old star vehemently told reporters her marriage and career would live happily together, that particular marriage did not last.

Four years later she fell in love with the young actor Laurence Olivier. In 1949, they both obtained divorces and were married.

TWO actresses I've spoken to say the Oliviers are exceedingly happy. "Sir Laurence," one offered, "is totally devoted to her. He'll do anything for her."

The other added that Lady Olivier seems just as devoted to Sir Laurence.

And Lady Olivier told me she "enjoys tremendously" working with and for her actor-producer husband.

I asked if she were sorry her daughter, Suzanne Holman, had not followed her into a theatrical career, though she attended London's Royal Academy of Dramatic Arts for a short time.

"No, I'm not sorry," Lady Olivier said. "Acting is a hard profession, and there are now 12,000 actors and actresses in Britain."

"Unless a girl has terrific talent I advise her not to go into acting."

Lady Olivier, who admits to persistent stage fright, "particularly if I know who's out front," would like to play Ibsen's Hedda Gabler, or replying Shakespeare's Cleopatra.

"I think—I certainly hope—I could give more to the part than I did a few years ago."

THE most acute disappointment of her stage life came, she told me, in 1940 when she and Sir Laurence played Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet" on Broadway.

"It was a terrible flop. I don't remember now how long it ran—one month, I believe—but it was a great disappointment to us."

"No, we never knew why it didn't go. I expect it just wasn't good enough."

Would she like to try it again? Lady Olivier's large green eyes looked straight ahead.

"I would like to...but I don't think I should. I really feel Juliet should be played by a young, but not too young actress."

Lady Olivier does not mind criticism so long as it is intelligent. "When there is something to be learnt from it"—but she finds "out-of-hand, unkind, unconstructive criticism painful and irritating."

She is a severe critic of her own films. "I am always embarrassed by my acting in some part of every film."

I asked if she found much jealousy in the theatre, and she replied quickly:

MEN WITH A PROBLEM: WHICH COMES FIRST—SOCIAL SERVICES OR SAVING THE POUND?

I AM already tired of arguments about why Mr. Thorneycroft resigned, and whether he was right to do so. We just don't know, and only time will tell us. For time will show whether the Government is still determined to halt inflation in the next six months.

But whether it is or not, there is one thing that stands out a mile from the recent statements of Mr. Macmillan, Mr. Butler, and Lord Hailsham. That is that they regard the Welfare State as sacrosanct and believe that everyone else does too.

I think this is something about which we had better make up our minds pretty quickly, once and for all.

If we really consider that the maintenance of all the social services in their present form is more important than the risk of inflation, the safety of our currency, the preservation of our jobs, and the defence of the Empire, then we may as well lie down and die now.

Because the time will come when we have lost not only our prosperity but also our jobs and our freedom as well.

So clinging

DOES it not strike you as a little odd that it should be Tory leaders who are holding out so manfully for the last one

Is the Welfare State so sacred?

by ANGUS MAUDE

TORY M.P. FOR EALING SOUTH

per cent of the social services? Of course it will strike old-fashioned Socialists as very odd indeed, because not even six years of almost continuous expansion of the social services under Conservative government has shaken their conviction that all Tories are deeply committed to the destruction of the Welfare State.

But it strikes me as a little peculiar, too, even though I

believe firmly that social reform is an essential part of Toryism. For it seems to me that this dogged clinging to every detail of the existing social service machinery is not social reform at all, but almost the reverse. The Conservative leaders seem to feel themselves committed to conserving Socialism.

Today's evil

WHAT, after all, does social reform really mean? Surely it is the reform of social evils and abuses? Quite apart from the fact that inflation is potentially the worst evil of all today, are we really making much of a job of social reform in its true sense?

One can argue interminably about details. Should parents pay 1d. more for school meals? Should the national insurance contribution go up by another 3d? Should we put up our own taxes and aspirations?

But if the future of the country is to depend on issues of this kind, then the country has no future.

I do not even believe that the British people want to decide the result of the next election on this sort of basis.

Least of all do I believe there is any hope for the Conservative Party if it reduces to haggling at the hustings with Socialists who can always outbid it in promises and bribes. What is wanted is a sensible alternative policy to Socialism.

No Tory wants to abolish social security. But Tories do not—or should not—regard the social services in the same light as Socialists. For one thing, they should not regard them as a primarily political weapon—a permanent means of redistributing incomes so as to produce an egalitarian society.

Money needed

TO a Tory the social services are palliatives for social evils. They are a means of helping those who suffer from poverty, unemployment, or ill health, either because of sheer misfortune or because the economic system does not always work very well. They should never be regarded, as Socialists tend to regard them, as ends in themselves.

The Tory aim should be, not to perpetuate the social services in their present form, but to get rid of the evils that make the social services necessary now.

We are not doing enough in this direction. Take the problem of the nation's health. We are spending less than £10,000,000 a year on medical research, but more than £400 million a year on health and hospital services.

Much ill health, such as rheumatic complaints, deficiency diseases and allergic troubles, is due to such things as bad housing, bad diets, and ignorance.

Neither, however, enough about these things nor do enough on the basis of what knowledge we have.

Or look at our pensions policies. We have just put up the total of retirement pensions under the national insurance scheme from £403 million to £622 million a year.

Yet the pension is barely enough to live on. The capital value of all national insurance benefits now contracted for is £42,000 million, of which the liability to the taxpayer is £17,500 million. Every couple of years we push the National Insurance Fund further into the red, while slightly postponing the day of reckoning. It cannot go on.

What ought we to be doing? Certainly not seeking to ape the Socialists' idea of setting up an even larger and more grandiose State pension scheme which will get into even larger financial difficulties and will certainly have to be made compulsory if it is to work at all.

Security

WE should have our thinking primarily on the idea of an expanding economy, in which wages, as well as production, rise, in which full employment is reasonably secured, and in which the level of taxation is not so high as to prevent people saving for their future.

We should encourage company pension schemes, and

group pensions schemes arranged through insurance companies for small firms and scattered industries. Above all, we must devise a scheme of making these superannuation rights interchangeable, so that a man can change his job in middle age without loss of prospects.

Then we can restrict the national insurance scheme to its proper function of taking care of the minority who are not catered for by other schemes, or those who have fallen on hard times through sickness or other misfortunes.

The State could also underwrite the contributions to industrial pensions schemes of men who are temporarily unemployed.

Then, instead of a monstrous State scheme demanding heavy compulsory contributions for benefits that are unwanted by many and inadequate for most, we could have a residual scheme meeting real needs in a reasonable way.

Free choice

I HOPE we may yet live to see a day when it is the rule rather than the exception for people to save for their own old age.

I would hope that we might go further and breed a generation that actually preferred to pay (directly or through insurance schemes) for its own medical care and the education of its children, because of the freedom of choice this alone can bring.

But we shall never do this if our only object is to build at ever larger and more burdensome structure of compulsory State services.

When we are all dependent on the State, either the State will be bankrupt or we shall be slaves. Perhaps both.

If Mr Butler and Lord Hailsham are still genuinely Tory reformers, these are the lines on which they ought to be thinking. If they will act on them in the next year, instead of worrying about the reactions of the British people to an extra 1d. on a school meal, they will win the next election. Otherwise we are all in for a lot of trouble.



THE OLIVIERs: Happy and Talented

"Actors are warm and generous people. I think jealousy is created by the press. They frequently draw comparisons that incite jealousy."

Several months ago I was in Stratford-on-Avon and talking to the stage door keeper. He answered one question without hesitation.

"Who are the nicest people who've played here? The Oliviers."

I asked Vivien Leigh if she were frightened of slipping.

She said, "It's wonderful to be new, gorgeous to be discovered, and it's wonderful to be at the age when you're loved for what you have done."

"But the years between are just damned difficult."

As we were saying goodbye I looked at this disarmingly lovely woman and asked if she ever tired of being stared at.

"Oh, yes," she replied, "often. It's most embarrassing, though I think it is probably meant as a compliment."

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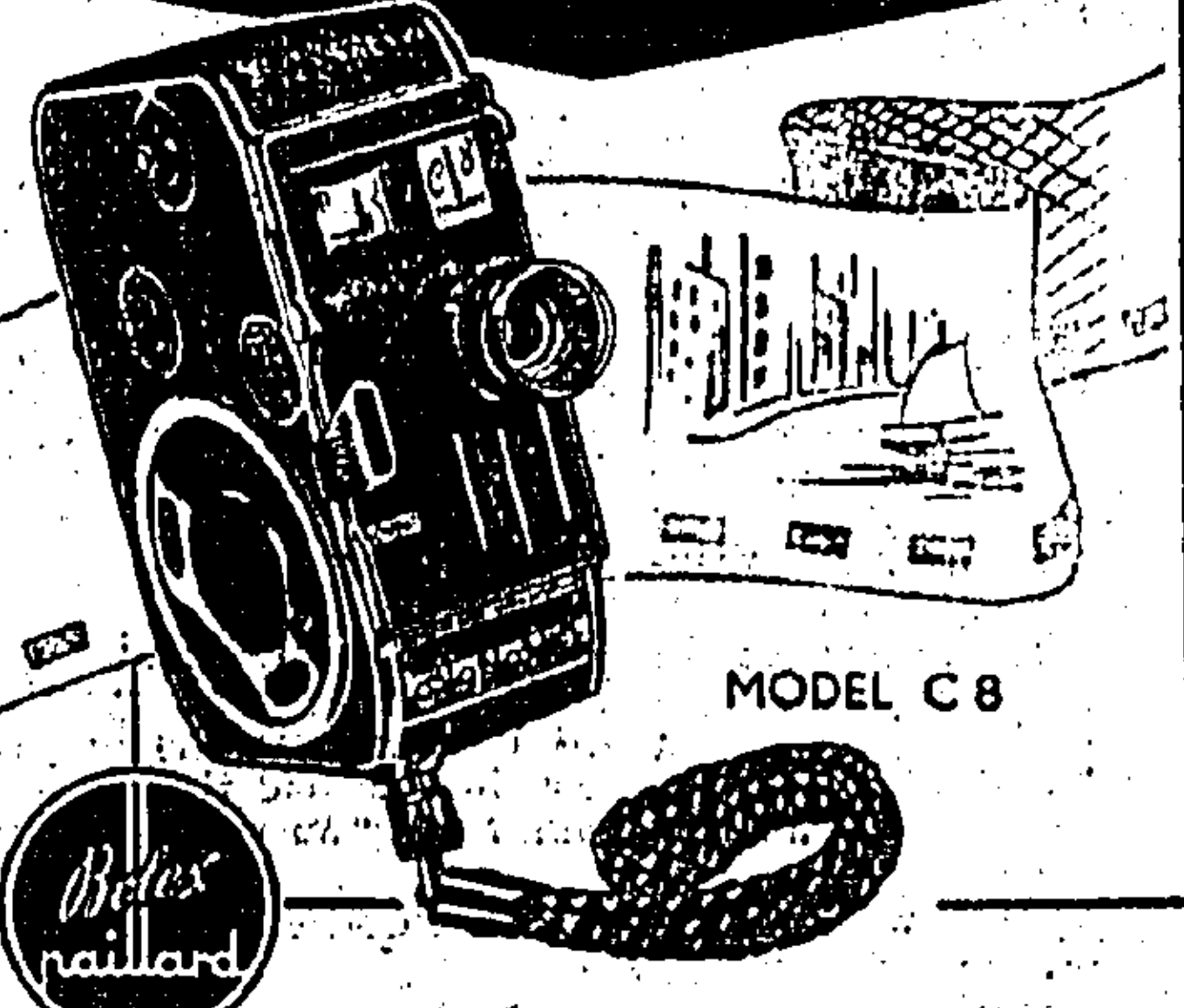
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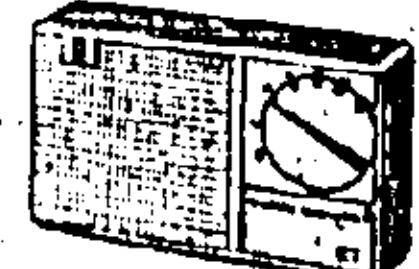
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A sex-symbol regrets that she ever posed for pin-ups . . .



ANITA EKBERG . . . "No one will take me seriously."

TRY LOOKING AT MY FACE, SAYS EKBERG

ANITA EKBERG invited me round to tea last week. "Nobody," she said, "seems to be interested in my face."

She was wearing, I should add, a tourniquet of a sweater which was guaranteed to wrench any man's ailing vision back to 20-20. Her skin reminded me of the champagne-pencches they serve in Harry's Bar in Venice and she looked as attractive as a week-end on the Riviera.

Only in her hands did she seem to have gained any weight since last we met. Around 18 carats at a guess—though it was difficult to tell exactly without my jeweller's glass.

"I have," she said, "a not unattractive face."

I told her she could say that again, and so she said that again.

"The trouble is that when they put me in a film nobody bothers with my face," she said. "Instead, the cameras prowl all over my body like short-sighted scientists with Geiger counters."

Her big mistake

"As an impartial observer of life's vagaries," I said, "it seems to me that you have brought this upon yourself. Did you not pose

for endless pin-ups, all guaranteed to tear attention away from your face?"

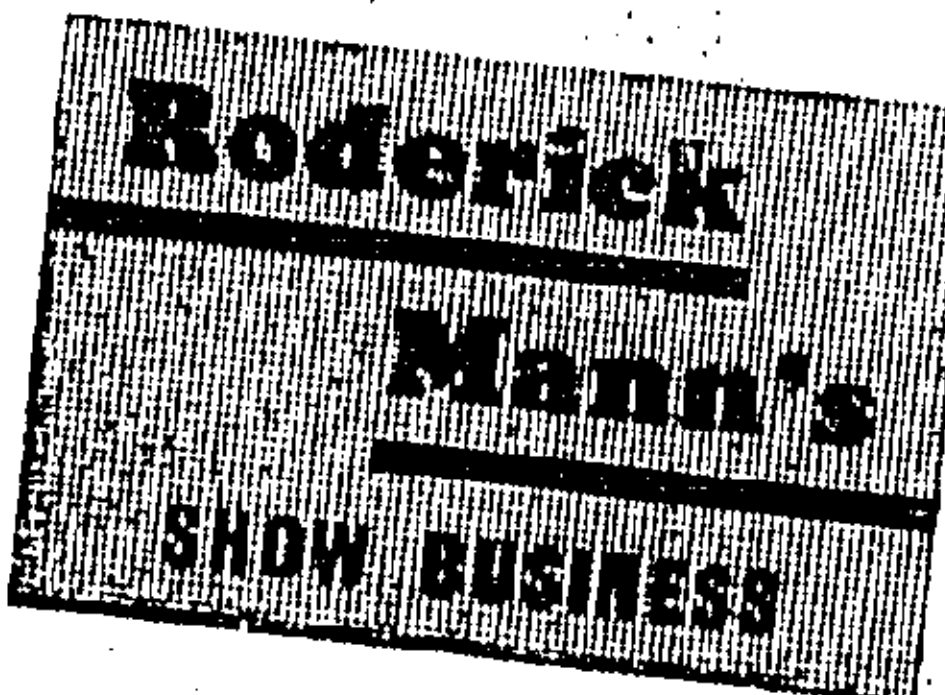
"Indeed," she said, "I did. It was a mistake. Now I have to fight to make people take me seriously."

"If one's got a fairly attractive face," she continued, riveting me to the sofa with a look, "and one is built like a woman—only more so—Hollywood thinks of you only as a sex-symbol. Nothing else. I wish so much I'd been able to sit it out until decent parts came along. But I couldn't. I needed the money."

"Haven't you made any films which don't make you hang your head?"

"Yes," she said, "not hanging her head. 'Valerie'—which I made with my husband, Tony Steel."

"I didn't see it," I said. "Was it good?"



of the most beautiful faces in show-business. Given a chance up?" I asked.

"I almost hate to tell you," he said. "Three. Dunkirk, for Cold in Ales, and then I Was Monty's Double."

"I'm amazed," I said, "that they haven't made you an honorary member of the Army and Navy."

"So am I," he said. "We walked on for a while, and then he said—"

"What lies in store for you? More idiotic glamour poses or some really dramatic roles?"

"I want to make a love story," she said. "One in which the camera never leaves my face. After all, there's nothing wrong with my face."

"You can say that again," I said.

So she said that again . . . "Why don't you?"

"You know," he said. "It's the most damnable thing—but I like it here. I don't want to go . . ."

"Like a queen"

MISS Jayne Mansfield, talking of "Mickey Hargitay, whom she married recently—"

"He treats me like a queen. He waits on me, looks after me, and won't let me turn a hand. If I hand him a can of vegetable juice he'll scold me. 'You shouldn't do that, Jayne,' he'll say. If he said: 'Let's go to Alaska and live, I'd go to Alaska and live,' if he said: 'Give up your career,' I'd give up my career . . ."

Did somebody say something?

Even Miss Dors is tired of the Dors legend

DIANA'S SECRET—'I'M SO SCARED OF GROWING OLD'

OUTSIDE, the sun shone in the wintry sky. Inside, the gramophone played softly. Mood music. Diana Dors sat before the fire, her stockings feet curled beneath her.

There was a bracelet with two hearts round her left ankle, but no inscription. She was wearing a black sheath dress, and her blonde hair fell like spangles on either side of her face. She was reading a book of poems by Rupert Brooke.

It was 11 a.m. in the first week of the New Year. A time for reflection.

She said: "Will you believe me when I tell you this—nobody's more sick of reading about Dors' escapades than I. But I seem fated. Trouble follows me like a dog."

"Everything you do smacks of publicity," I said.

"I know," she said. "What's that saying: 'He who lives by the sword shall perish by the sword.' That's how it is with me."

"Are you really telling me it's just coincidence that when you're around boats burst into flames, policemen get pushed aside, and people fall into pools?"

"I wouldn't lie to you," she said. "That's how it is."

'It isn't true'

She flicked through the poems idly. Then she said: "Someone wrote the other day that Dennis Hamilton had been my Svengali when we lived together; that he made me what I am; that he made me want to be a star. That's not true. I always dreamed of being a star."

Let's face it: when I met him I was earning £1,000 a picture and he was only selling water-softeners."

"Are you bitter?"

"No," she said. "No, I'm not bitter. I won't run Hamilton down. He's an extraordinary man. Maybe he really does believe he made me what I am today."

"A kind of Frankenstein?"

"Yes," she said. "A kind of Frankenstein."

"You're glad 1957 is over?"

"It was my worst year ever," she said. "One disaster after another."

"Once you and Hamilton had parted," I said, "why did you continue to live next door to each other? You must have known that would result in even more publicity?"

"I didn't see why I should leave my home," she said. "But now I'm going. To a farm, or somewhere."

"Looking back," I said, "what has really been worthwhile?"

"Two films," she said. "Yield to the Night and A Kid for Two Farthings. Nothing else."

"Would you say the kind of publicity you've had over the years has hurt your career?"

"Yes," she said. "I know a lot of producers grince when my name is mentioned. To them I'm a joke, not an actress."

She traced the contour of the chair's arm with her finger.

"I suppose I should make a New Year resolution," she said. "To shut up. Or to marry some nice character and raise a family."

"Your friend Tommy Yearday?" I asked.

"He's nice," she said. "Quiet and shy. He's been a wonderful friend."

Other friends?

"What about your other friends?"

"Friends? There are people who come and eat my food and drink my drink. They aren't friends."

"Sometimes," I said, "you sound quite wise."

She smiled.

"Will you go back to Hollywood?"

"Yes," she said. "I have a couple of films still to do there. But I won't stay. I'm a nervous person, deep down. Sometimes I get such a sick pain inside I can't move. Places like Hollywood aren't good for the nerves. It's too easy to end up dashing your wrists in the bathroom or drinking yourself to sleep."

"Yes," she said. "There's a real Dors, insecure, unhappy, and scared of growing old. You wouldn't know it though. I've hidden her pretty carefully."

"Have you?" I said.

The last record finished playing and the gramophone switched itself off. It was warm in the room, but the coffee in my cup was already cold. I drank it and walked to the door, leaving her with the silence.

Has great hopes

I HAVE news of Robert Donat—whose magnificent voice and acting have been absent for too long.

He talked to me only a few hours after his New Year Eve broadcast. And it seems that the asthma which has dogged him all his life and which struck him down four years ago has finally been checked.

"I cannot say I am cured," he said. "But I have turned the corner. And I have great hopes for my career."

Donat—the soft-voiced star of such memorable films as The Ghost Goes West, The 39 Steps and Goodbye, Mr Chips—has never been out of demand.

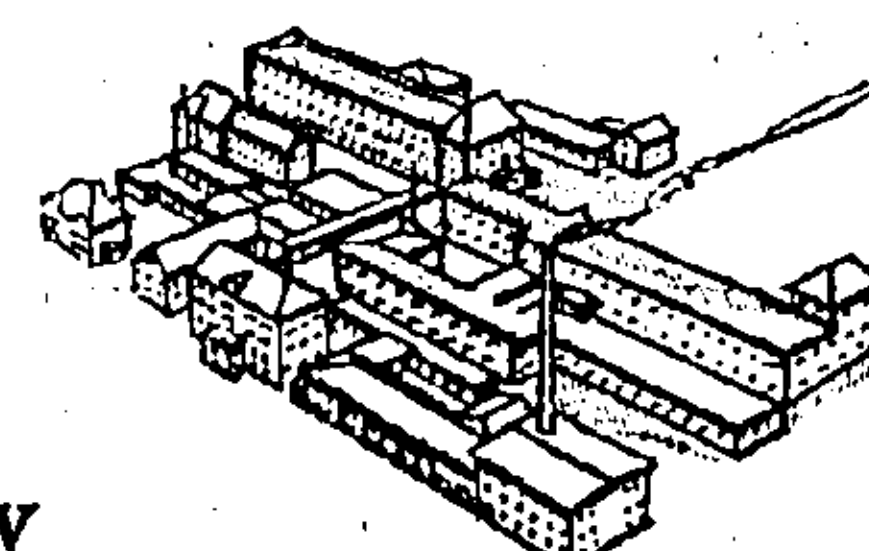
Now, I am told, there is talk of his playing in the next Ingrid Bergman film, The Inn of the Eighth Happiness.

Inspiration!

JULIE LONDON, that dark-eyed singing charmer now filming in London, tells me she has a special recipe for inspiring her vocal cords just before a recording session.

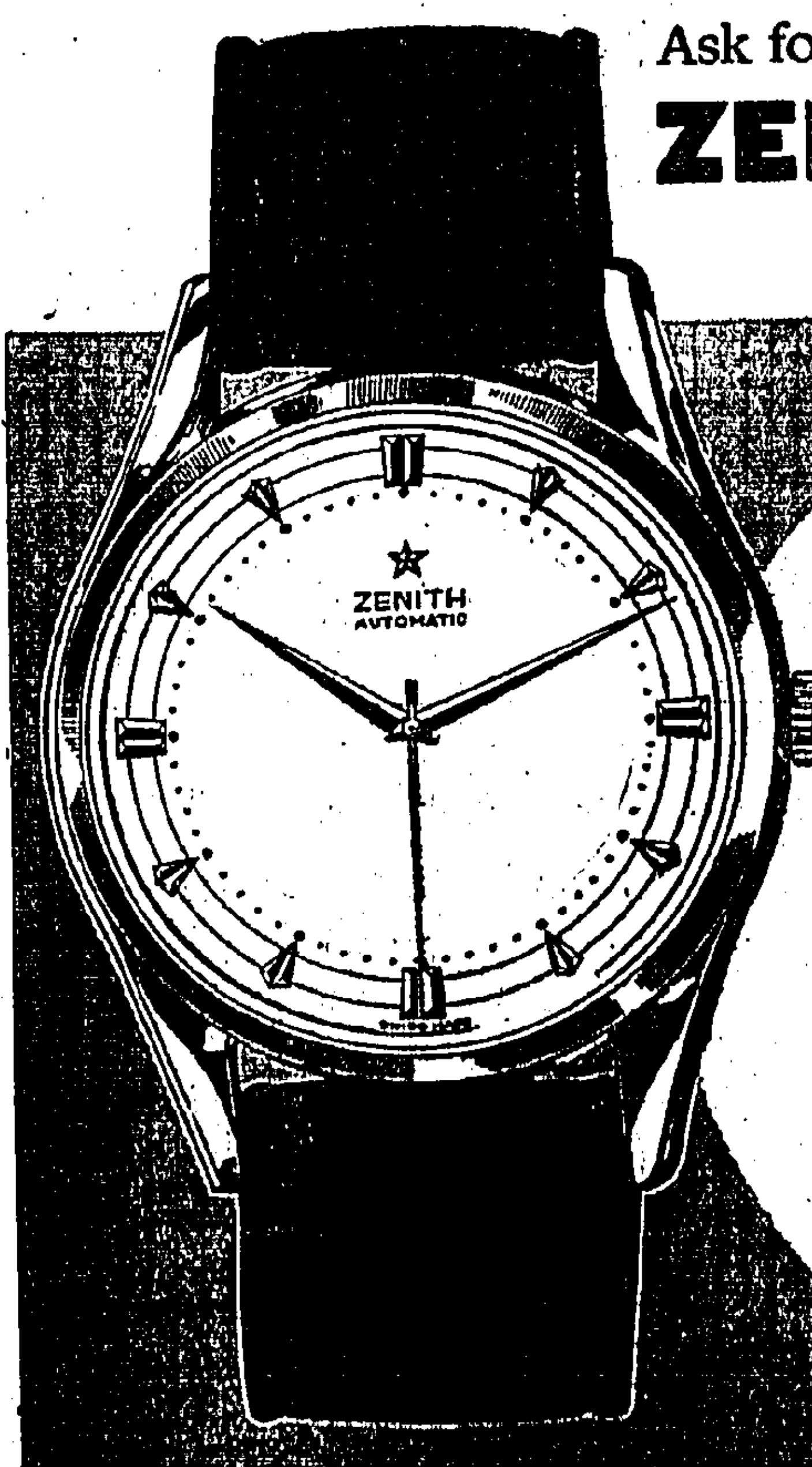
She has two cushions—chrome in quick succession.

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WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

OH, WHY DO WE MUMBLE THOSE INTRODUCTIONS?

By VERONICA PAPWORTH

DARLING, I do want you to meet (mumble) ... and (mumble-mumble) ... and dear old (mumble), who's been SO looking forward to knowing you. ...

Why don't the English speak up?

When it comes to introductions we're so vague we might just as well not bother at all.

You're stuck in a corner at a cocktail party, having a wonderful time—almost deafened with noise and choked

with smoke—debating the weather with someone whose name you couldn't quite catch—when up comes a well-intentioned character with a pair of chums.

A muttered introduction ("two of my favourite drinking pals—shockers—both of 'em") and you're at it yourself.

"Do you know Mrs. I'm-so-sorry ... and Mr. do-please-forgive-me ... and the what's its."

("Who was that snake who kept kissing the back of your neck?" I heard one young man asking his companion as I left a recent party. "I don't know, sweetie—we weren't introduced.")

In absolute contrast I give you the WINN method. I lunched with Godfrey a few weeks back. It was a party of ten.

As every guest arrived he took them round, naming them fully, and explaining *precisely* what they did in loud, clear tones.

OH, BLISS!

Now I'm not so smug as to imagine that every other person knows what I do.

But, oh, the bliss of hearing someone say: "She's just started to write a column for the Sunday Express," instead of, "She writes."

(That's what usually happens, and the next few minutes are an awkwardness of "I'm afraid I haven't much time for reading," or "You don't happen to be Enid Blyton do you?")

"She's married to a surgeon," added Godfrey helpfully, introducing me to an absolute heart-throb who couldn't wait to get going with a Technicolor account of his operation. I weighed in with an awful case I once knew.

We were well away from the moment of meeting.

I congratulated my host later. "I learned my lesson in America," said Godfrey. "Over there everybody takes the greatest pains to see that their guests have a conversational lead on each other's interests."

BLESS HIM

I'm resolved to follow his shining example.

The English, lacking a host, are the world's worst ice-breakers.

I've been to two public luncheons recently.



A DRESS TO MATCH YOUR MOOD

For the girl with the dual personality—a dress that can be all femininity and My Fair Lady or streamlined Boy Friend's Girl friend in a matter of seconds.

Fagan Girl—below. Now, means the overdress, she wears a black wig (what chance to give that dual personality full play) plus several rows of pearls. Result? Success in both moods.

Incidentally, it could be the perfect idea for the girl who has to count her pennies—TWO for the price of ONE.

She gets a kick out of this coat

IN a week's whirl around town I've fun—keeping my eyes and ears open. ...

I've LAUGHED my head off at one of our most dignified actresses explaining how she washes her white Orton overcoat—"the most wonderful coat I ever possessed. I simply fill the bath with warm water and detergent and fling it in. Then, off with my shoes and stockings and up with my skirts and I TREAD it—like grapes."

I've LOOKED at the new flat sailor hats and decided they are a must with the short, straight, up-and-down shape that will certainly be continued in the summer collections.

Promise me—please try one.

I've LIKED the look of my favourite best dresser in her new evening sack. Tailored, with lapels and a wide collar, the clever trick is her choice of fabric—wild rose pink duchess satin. She wears pink satin slippers to match, with pointed toes and paste buckles. Worth copying? YES.

I've LEARNED of a new line in nightwear for men—pyjamas with trousers that stop short just above the knee. Absurdly, I cannot help thinking of the Englishman abroad in khaki shorts of similar length. Which makes me giggle.

Heigh ho—here's to more hilarity in bedrooms.

I've LONGED to do what Leslie Caron is said to have done—to buy a genuine antique for 25d. in the Paris Flea Market. Here is a rare chandelier, heavily encrusted with Dresden flowers and dating back to Napoleon III.

"Black with the dirt of ages, it appeared to be made of wrought iron," reports Edward A. Patman, her Press manager.

I once bought a chandelier in the Paris Flea Market. Mine too appeared to be made of wrought iron. IT WAS.

In seconds My Fair Lady can become. ...



the Boy Friend's Girl Friend

THE FOUR-STYLE CUT

HERE is something original and gay in hairdressing—in tune with present-day lack of time and desire for change. It is one basic haircut and set that can be easily brushed into

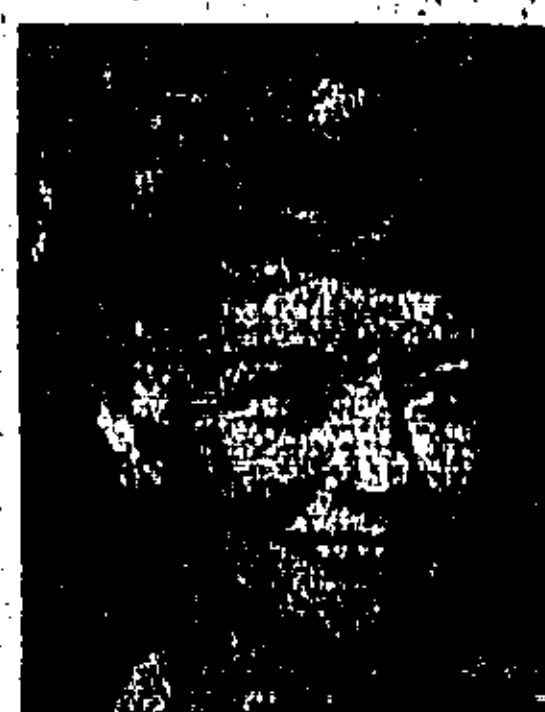
a variety of styles. Mr. Dumais invited me to try it for myself. And here are the results. It took one hour to cut and set the hair; and only five minutes to produce these four different styles. ...



Morning in the office.



Outdoor air.



Afternoon cocktail party.



Evening ball (remember the time).

THE BEAUTY WE ALL ENVY

THERE is something awe-inspiring about real perfection in beauty.

"She was so beautiful that it was embarrassing to look at her," wrote Walter de la Mare. That is the way the panel felt about Mrs. Dolores Guinness.

"Tremendous. A lovely swanlike neck. Really lovely," said Midge Garland.

"Extraordinarily beautiful," said Amanda Marshall.

"My idea of a contemporary beauty," was Beryl Mandling's comment. "Honey-coloured hair, green eyes, milky white skin and a dream of a figure."

My vote went too, to the enchanting Dolores Guinness. Who could look like any one woman in the world, this is the way I should like to look.

SILVER ASCROFT

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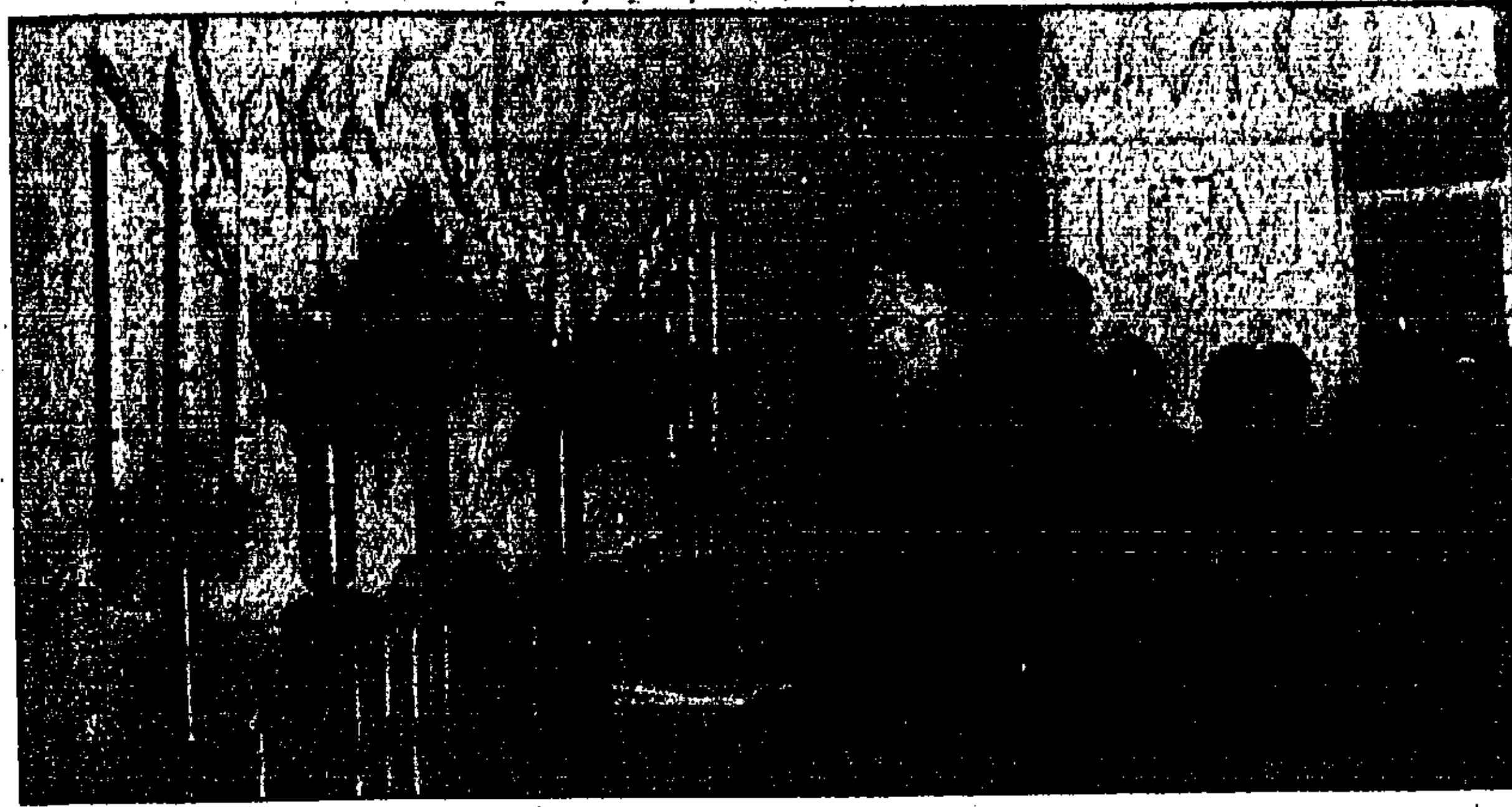
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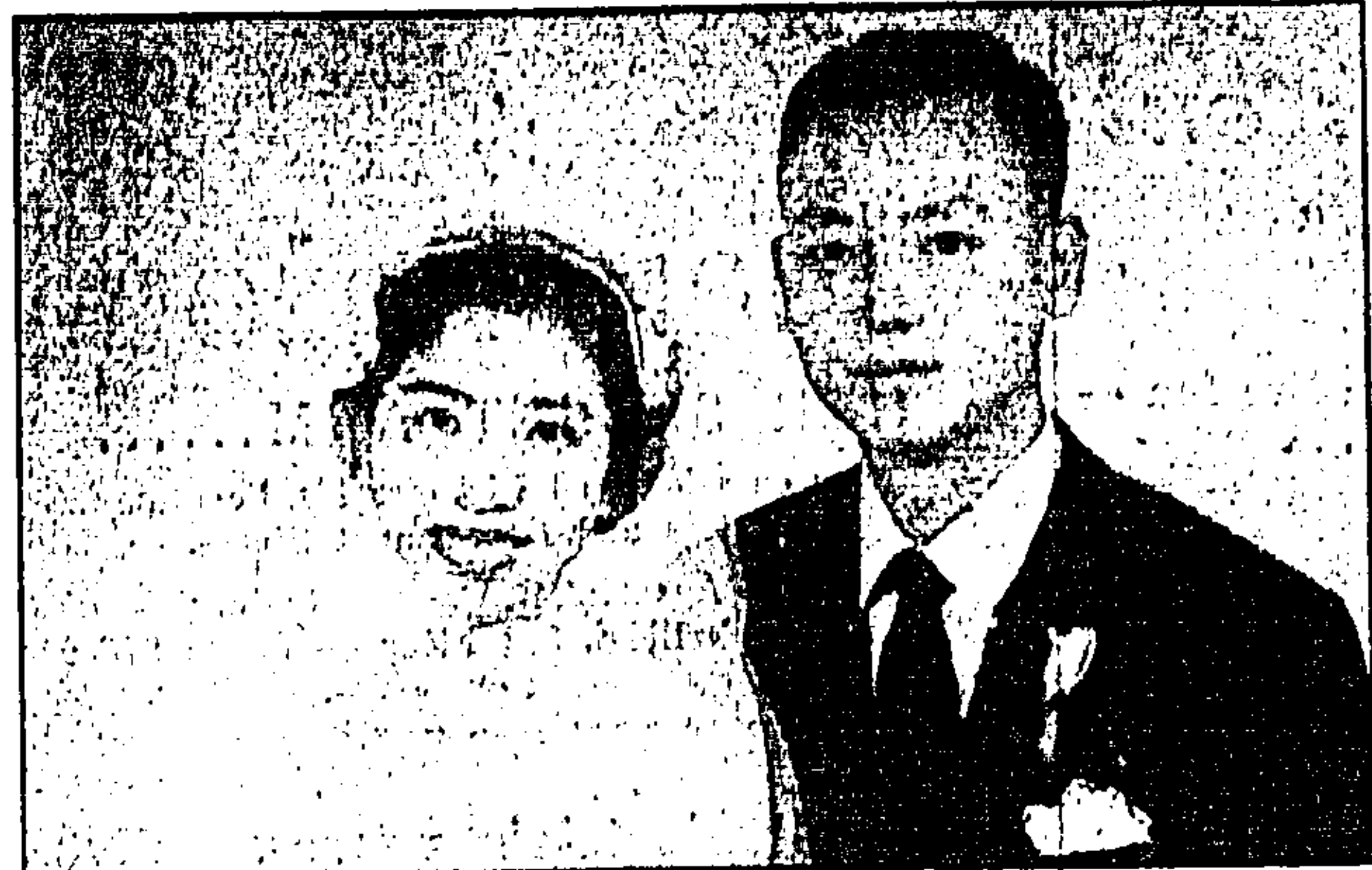
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ABOVE: Dedication of Lutheran combined School Church at Shatin.
LEFT: California wedding of the Rev. Walter Hui (Church of the Good Shepherd, Kowloon) and Dr Mary Anne Soong.



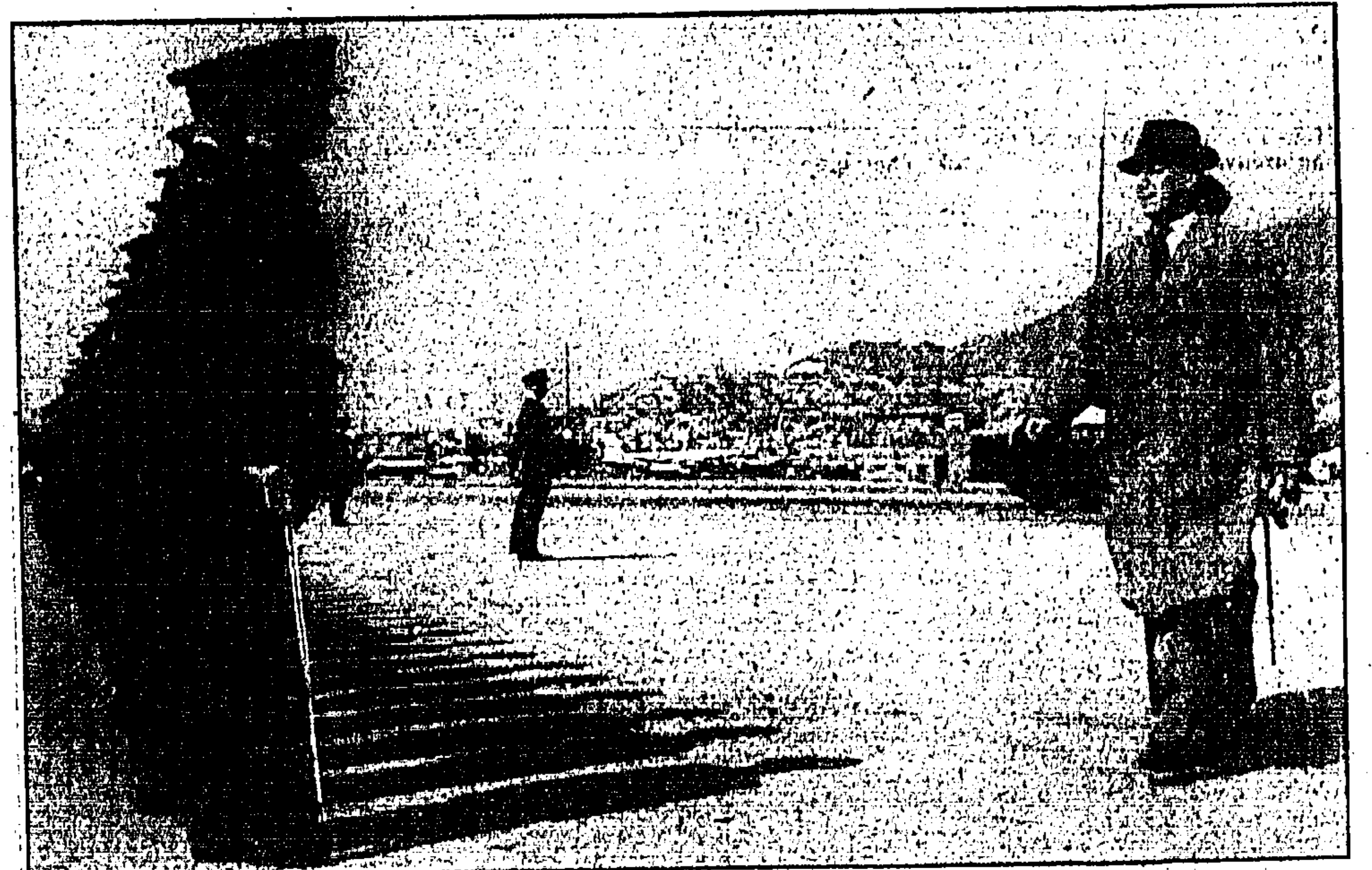
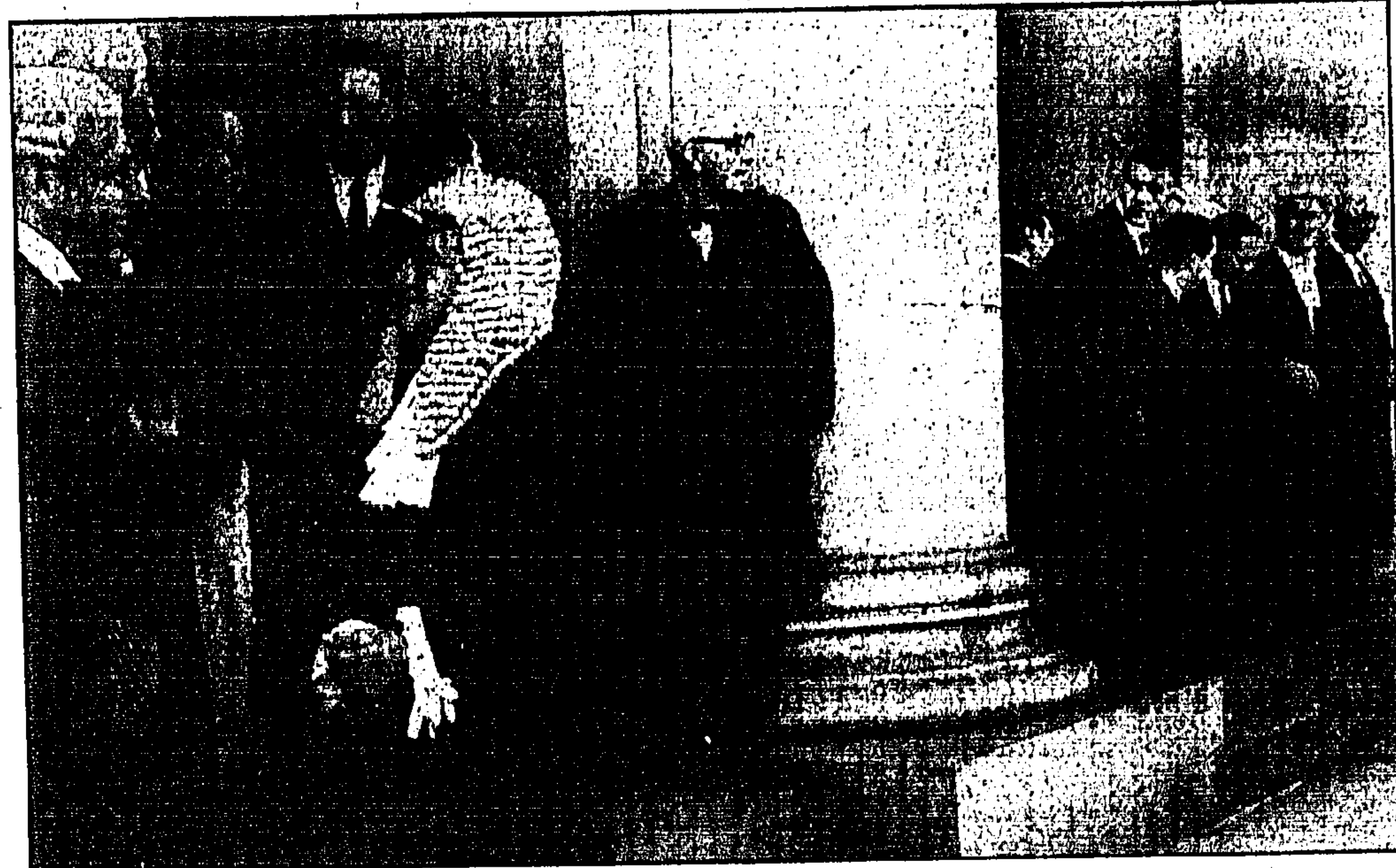
Mr Li Seung-ping and Viva Chan after their wedding at St Teresa's.



SIR ROBERT RETURNS

Chilly weather and a hair-raising gust of wind welcome His Excellency the Governor, Sir Robert Black, who arrives at Kai Tak with Lady Black and their oldest daughter Barbara.

Approachable as ever, Sir Robert stopped for a moment to greet reporters at the side of the tarmac (left) and speak the few words that would make their day's work at the airfield just that much more easy and worthwhile. An RAF Guard of Honour (below) is also drawn up on the field to greet the new Governor.

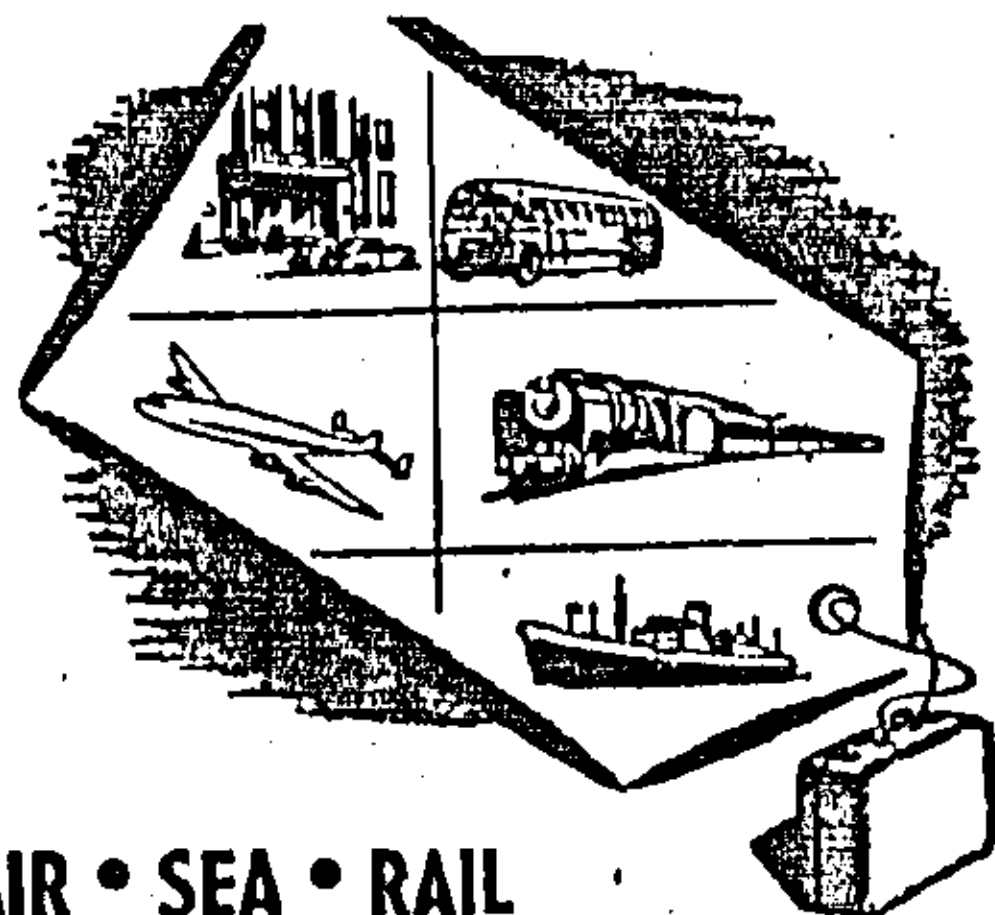


ASSIZES

Ceremonial guards had double duty and appeared both for the opening of Assizes by Mr Justice T. J. Gould, the Acting Chief Justice, as well as for welcoming ceremonies for Sir Robert. And the Judges themselves in their full bottomed wigs had a double outing too—once to open the Assizes and attend Davino Service, and again the following day to swear in the Governor. Here the Judges . . . Justice Gould, Justice Reeco, Justice Gregg, and Justice Scholes, and the Deputy Registrar Mr P. R. Springall, follow the Mace Bearer Mr L. Altroa (below) towards the Supreme Court on the steps of which (above) the legal fraternity are gathered.



BOOK ALL YOUR TRAVEL

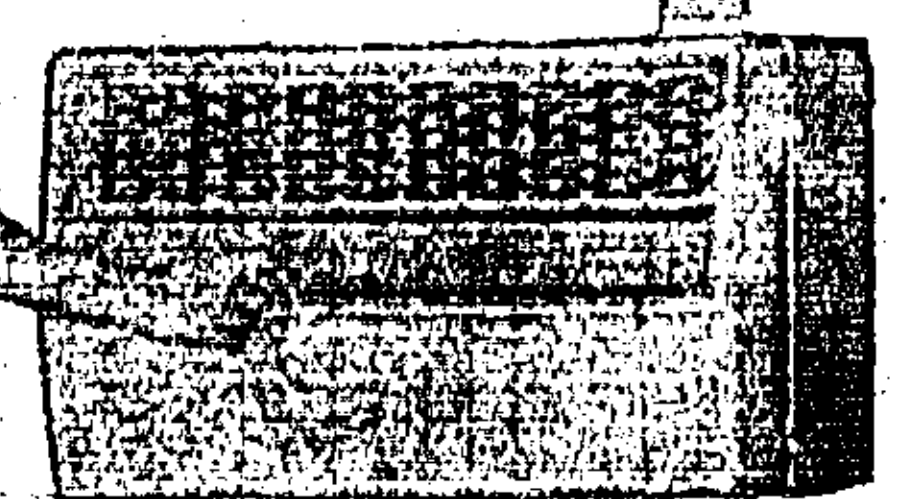


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BELOW: Halcyon's May Blossom (extreme left) with U Kum-lun in the saddle winning the opening event for novice riders on the first day of the HKJC Seventh Race Meeting at Happy Valley on Saturday. (Staff Photographer).

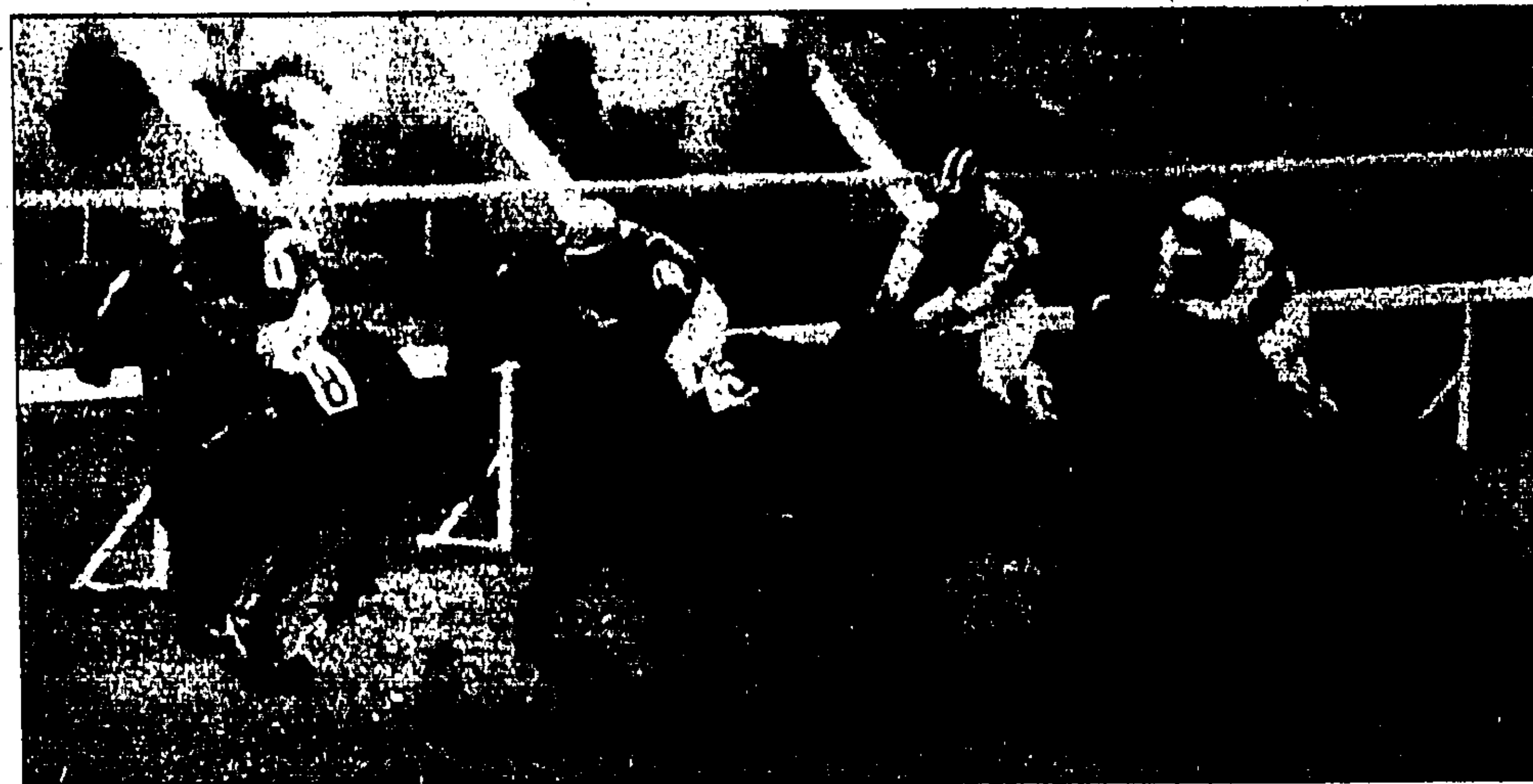
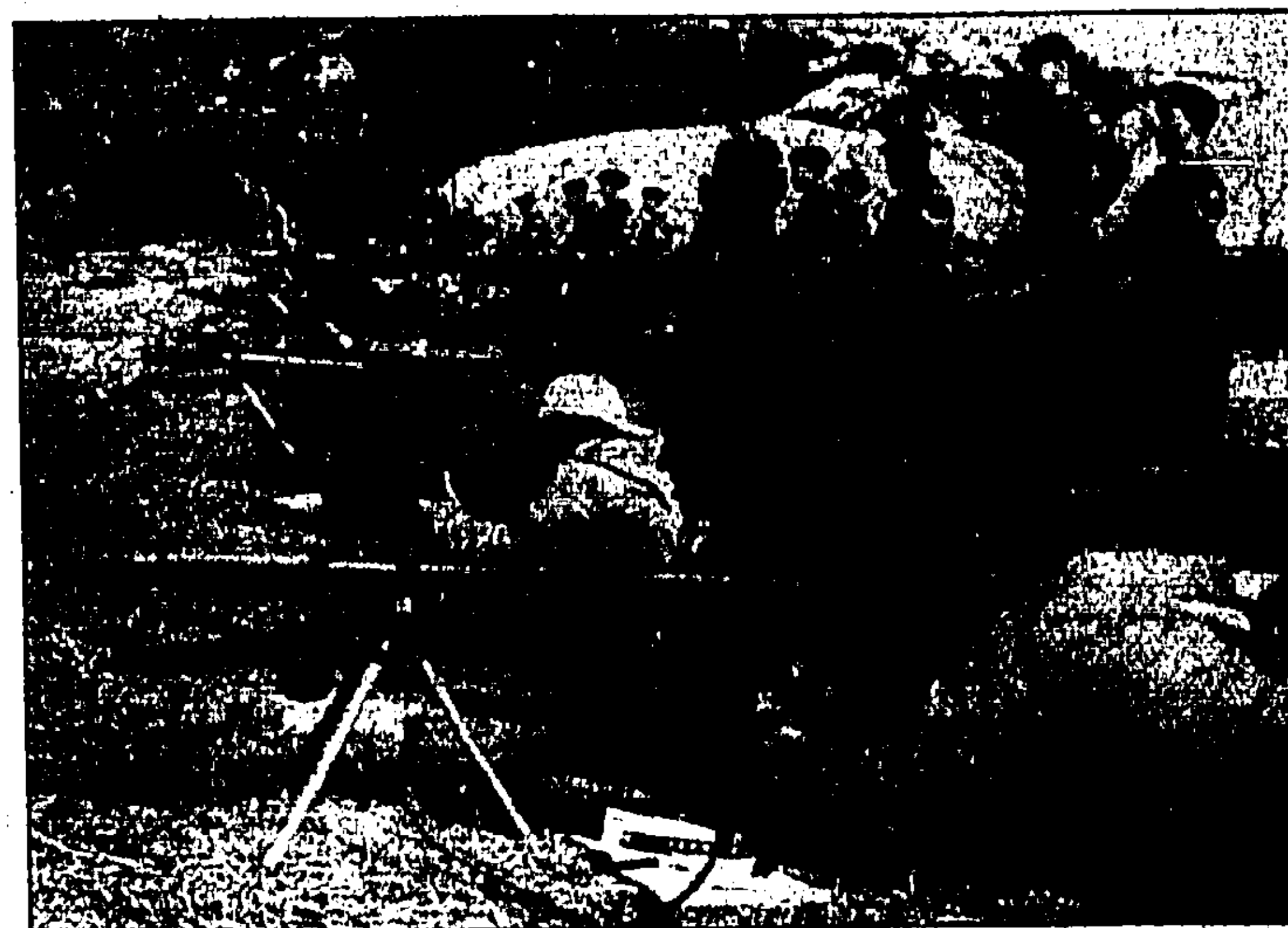


HK BISLEY

Once again small arms clatter on the Kal Tak range as the Colony's premier shooting event gets under way. The first day (last Saturday) opened with an exciting duel between Sub-Inspector R. G. Noddings of the Hongkong Police, and S. E. Carvalho of the Hongkong Regiment. The winner, Noddings, went on from victory to victory as the days of the meet continued. ABOVE: A general view of the firing point.

RIGHT: Marksman on the first day with telescopes, elbow pads, and slings.

LEFT: Sharp shooters unencumbered. EXTREME LEFT: Robert Ryan shows another way of handling a gun.



Male drivers were heard to mutter sympathetically last week "Under their influence—of course. They outnumbered him poor fellow." But here is Mr. A. Morrison, Hongkong Superintendent of Traffic, saying it loud and clear... "LADY DRIVERS ARE USUALLY BETTER THAN MEN." The Ladies in question are members of the Council of Women. STAFF PHOTOGRAPHERS

PROTECTION!



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Richard Goff and Christina van Hermon (Secretary of the Helena May Institute) and guests on the steps of the Supreme Court Marriage Registry.

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Golf Shoes

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THE FOUR-POSTER IS BACK



Here's the up-to-date version of the four-poster bed. In polished brass with a colourful frieze round the bed and canopy, it comes in two sizes, 3 ft. and 5 ft. G. Plan.

By
HAZEL MEYRICK

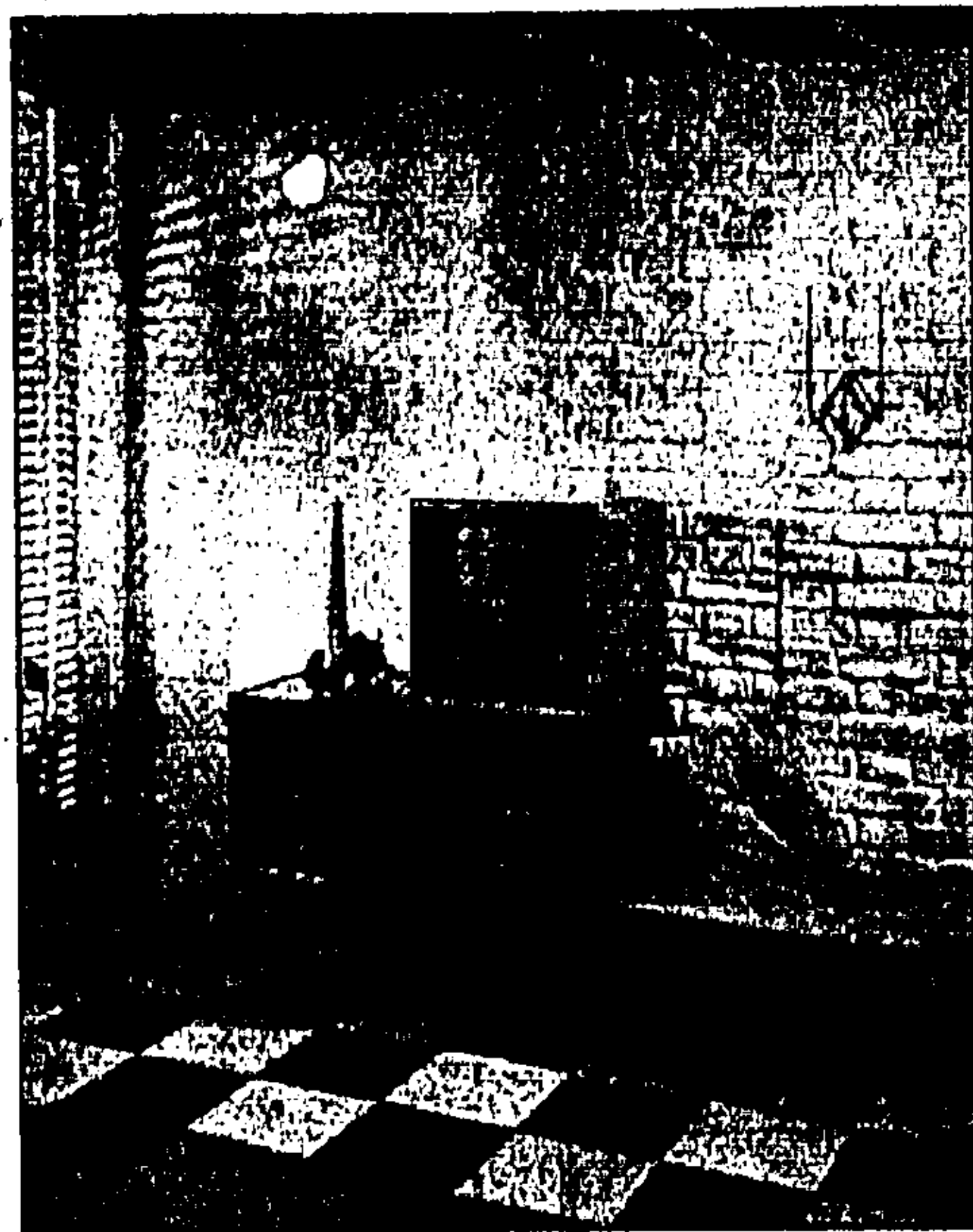
BACK in fashion after all these years comes the four-poster bed. One of London's largest furniture manufacturers have included it in their new range of furniture.

They've made their four-poster from highly-polished brass, given it easy-to-wash, detachable drapery, and built-in diffused lighting in the canopy. The effect is charming—but it costs more than £100.

REGENCY

I notice, incidentally, that there's a marked "Regency" influence in the newest contemporary furniture. Brass four-posters... black lacquered chairs... round tables, instead of rectangular ones... Oriental-style decoration... and brass feet on furniture—they're all echoes of the Regency period which, in case your British history is hazy, covers the early 1800's.

The "Regency" trend is bringing a new elegance to modern furniture, and makes it easier to mix with genuine antiques—if you're lucky enough to own any.



An unusual addition to the G-plan range is this campaign chest. It will do double duty as a dressing-table or a stand for a television set. The table on which it is placed can also be used as a seat, or a support for a cocktail or Hi-Fi cabinet.

NEAT AND EFFECTIVE

MATERIALS:

5 ozs. Ramada Super Knitting Wool, 3 ply in Dark Blue.

1 oz. Ramada Super Knitting Wool, 3 ply in Light Blue.

1 Pair each Knitting Needles, Nos. 10, 12 & 13.

MEASUREMENTS:

Length from Shoulder:—24 inches.

Sleeve seam from Neck:—12 inches.

To fit 34" Bust.

TENSION:

For No. 10 needles, 8 stitches to 1 inch.

ABBREVIATIONS:

K. knit, P. purl, st. stitch, stitches, inc. increase, (by working into the front and then into the back of a stitch), dec. decrease (by taking 2 stitches together), s.s. stocking stitch (knit 1 row, purl 1 row alternately), beg. beginning, rep. repeat, tog. together, D. dark blue wool, L. light blue wool.

THE BACK & FRONT ALIKE

With No. 10 needles, and D. cast on 120 sts. Work 2 inches in K. 1, P. 1, rib. Change to L. Work 12 rows s.s. Change to No. 12 needles. Work 30 rows s.s. dec. at both ends of every 6th row (110 sts.) Change to No. 13 needles. Work 20 rows without shaping. Change to No. 12 needles. Work 24 rows s.s. inc. at both ends of every 6th row. Change to No. 10 needles and continue inc. at both ends of every 6th row until 136 sts. then at both ends of every alternate row until 144 sts. then at both ends of every row until 150 sts. Work 6 inches without shaping. Shape.

Neck & Shoulders:—

K. 70 sts. cast off 16 sts. K. to end. Continue on the last set of 70 sts. as follows:—

1st row. Cast off 5 sts. P. to last 2 sts. P. 2 tog.

2nd row. K. 2 tog. K. to end. Rep. these 2 rows, 5 times, then side of work facing, pick up and every P. row until 8 sts. remain. Cast off. Rejoin the wool, at the

Neck edge, to the 1st set of 70 1½ inches in K. 1, P. 1, rib. Cast off.

1st row. P. 2 tog. P. to end.

2nd row. Cast off 5 sts. K. to last 2 sts. K. 2 tog. Rep. these 2 rows, 5 times, then side of work facing, pick up and K. 108 sts. along each Sleeve edge. Work as for Neck edgings. Cast off.

THE NECK EDGINGS

Both alike. With No. 12 needles and L. and with right side of work facing, pick up and K. 86 sts. along each Neck edge. P. 1 row. Change to D. Work

THE SLEEVE EDGINGS

Both alike. Sew top of Sleeve & Shoulder seams. With No. 12 needles and L. and with right side of work facing, pick up and K. 108 sts. along each Sleeve edge. Work as for Neck edgings. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Sew side seams. Press on the wrong side, using a hot iron over a damp cloth.



NO WASTED SPACE

By JOAN O'SULLIVAN

THERE'S no waste space in this little home. It's a four-room house comfortably compact and certainly easy to keep clean.

That's why it will have great appeal for either the young homemaker, just starting out, or the older woman planning her retirement years.

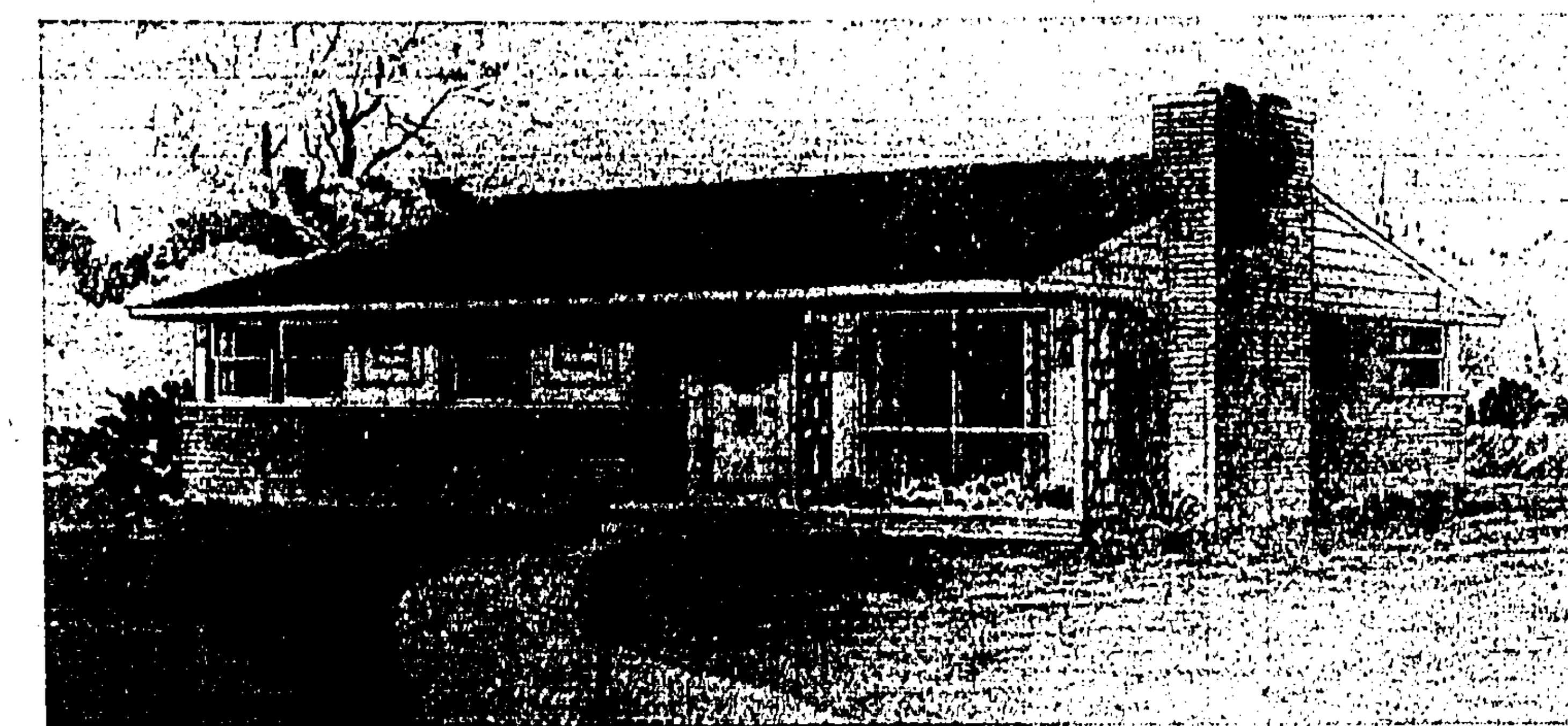
Lovely Living Room

The living room has excellent proportions. Unbroken wall areas make it easy to arrange furniture decoratively. A fireplace takes the spotlight on the far wall.

Opposite it, a sliding door leads into the kitchen. Close to the door, there's a wall space just the right size to accommodate one of those space-saving dining tables which opens out to seat 8 to 10 people.

Work Area

The kitchen is a delightful work area, really bright,



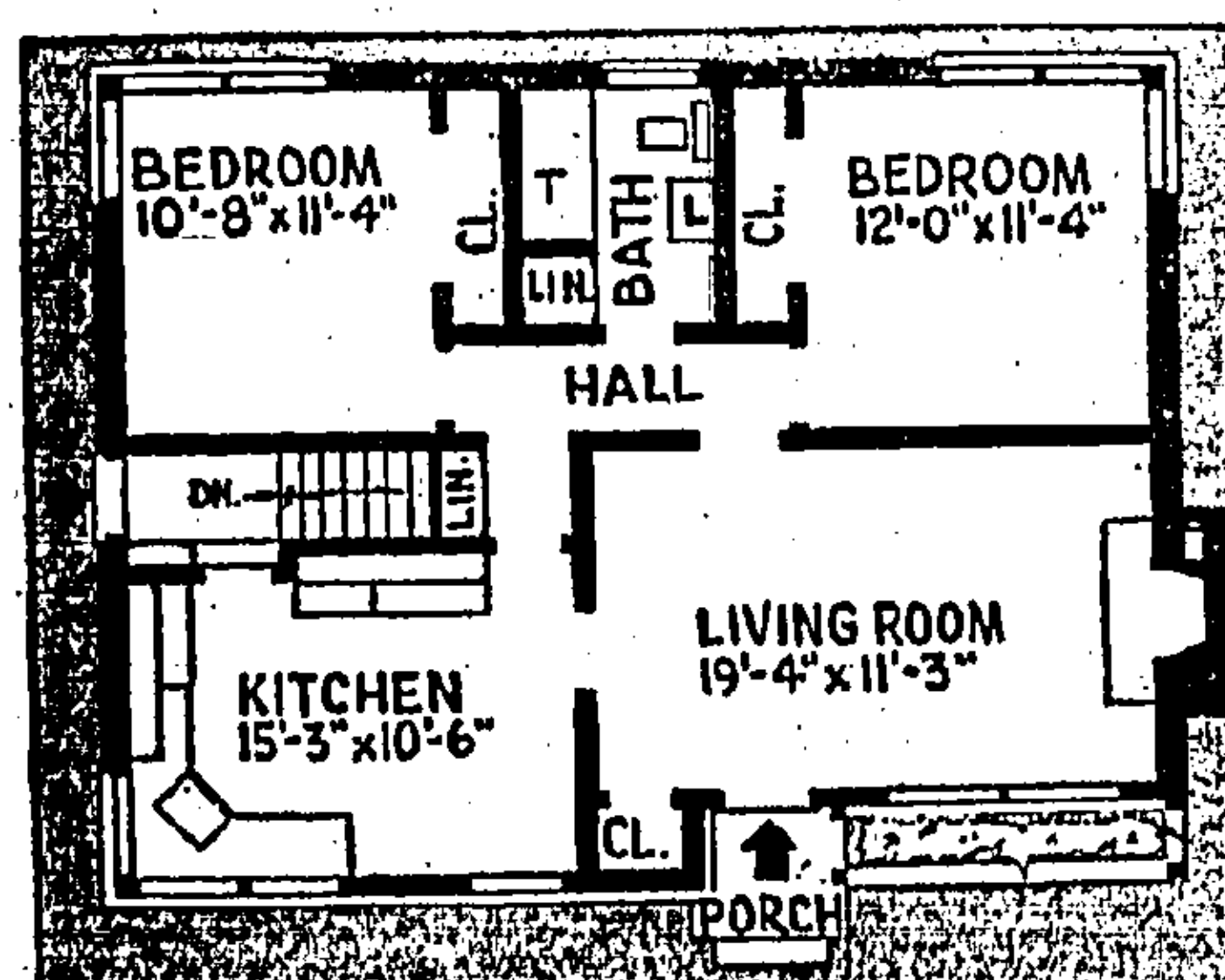
sunny and pleasant! Cabinets and sink are set under a corner window, giving the home-maker a view of the street as she goes about chores. Stairs to the basement and the service entrance are off the kitchen landing. A vent fan

back of the range keeps the kitchen smoke-free. Both bedrooms are good-sized. They're cross-ventilated corner rooms at the back of the house. Each has a sliding door-closet. Windows are 36 by 16-in. double-hung mullion, placed corner-wise.

Two Bathrooms

The bath, between the bedrooms, has a linen closet and an additional one (double-size with a clothes chute) is located in the hall near the kitchen.

The basement offers many possibilities. It contains a fruit room under the stairs, roughed-in plumbing for a future laundry and there's plenty of space left over for a large recreation room.



ROOMS ARE well-planned with no waste space. The floor plan comprises two bedrooms, a kitchen, large living room and bathroom.



THE KITCHEN IS SURE to be the homemaker's pride. Bright and cheery, it's a pleasant work centre. Sink and counters round a corner and are set under three big windows that look out on the street.

Look to Sisters



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SCONES ARE SO OLD THEY SEEM NEWS!

By IDA BAILEY ALLEN

"MADAME looks a bit disappointed," remarked the Chef.

"Not really, Chef," I said, "but every time I've tried to taste-test the scones featured in that new restaurant down the street, they're sold out."

"I scooped you there," chuckled the Chef. "Yesterday I had one with tea. It was really very good. Scones are a new food to most people."

Form Of Bread

"Yet they are one of the oldest forms of bread, Chef," I replied. "They're so old, they're new!"

"They originated in Scotland when they were baked on a griddle hung over a fire on the hearth. Of course there are many varieties—oatmeal scones, potato scones, currant or raisin scones and cream scones for tea."

"It is the cream style with raisins that is making the hit, Madame. I have already worked out a recipe for you."

All measurements are level.
Cream Scones: Sift together 2 c. already-sifted

enriched flour, 2½ tsp. double-acting baking powder, 1 tsp. salt and 2 tbsp. sugar.

Chop in ¼ c. butter or margarine with a pastry blender.

Then beat 2 eggs (reserve 1 tbsp.). To the balance add a scant ½ c. light cream (or use whole milk). Stir into the flour mixture.

Transfer to a floured surface; dust with flour. Roll or pat to oblong shape of ½ in. thickness.

Next cut in 4-in. squares, then crosswise into triangles.

Transfer to a baking sheet. Brush with the reserved beaten egg; dust with a little granulated sugar if desired. Bake 18-20 min. in a moderate oven, 375°F.

Split; serve hot with butter and/or jam.

This batter makes 8 scones or more, according to size.

Raisin or Currant Scones: Follow the preceding recipe, adding ½ c.

raisins or dried currants to the flour.

Tomorrow's Scottish Dinner

Saladettes of Beet-Egg-Lettuce
Lamb Collops—Old Scottish Bread Croutons
Chopped Spinach
Quartered Carrots
Hot Cream Scones with Strawberry Jam
Hot or Iced Coffee or Tea
Milk

Lamb Collops—Old Scottish: Order 2½ lbs. tender lean lamb. Trim off excess fat. Remove bones. Cut the meat in small bite-size pieces. Sprinkle over 1 tsp. salt and ¼ tsp. pepper.

Fine-chop 1 peeled small onion. Fry in 2 tsp. butter or margarine until the colour turns.

Add the lamb. Cook-stir over high heat until lightly browned. Stir in 1 tsp. flour. Add 1½ c. meat stock (any kind), or use 1½ c. water and 1½ beef bouillon cubes. Bring to a boil. Cover.

Simmer (or braise) 40-45 min., or until the lamb is fork-tender. Add 1 tbsp. chopped parsley. Spoon over big bread croutons. Serves 6.

King-size Bread Croutons

From The Chef
Cut unsliced enriched or French bread into pieces 1-in. thick. Place on a baking sheet. Bake-toast in a moderate oven until crisp and slightly browned, from 30-35 min. Use as a base for serving lamb collops, rice-sauced chicken or any meat or fish stew.

Miracle In Hongkong

The day came bleak and cold, and at nine o'clock, great drops of icy rain began to fall. I was standing at the bottom of the slope leading up an old ramshackle house waiting for Billy Tingle.

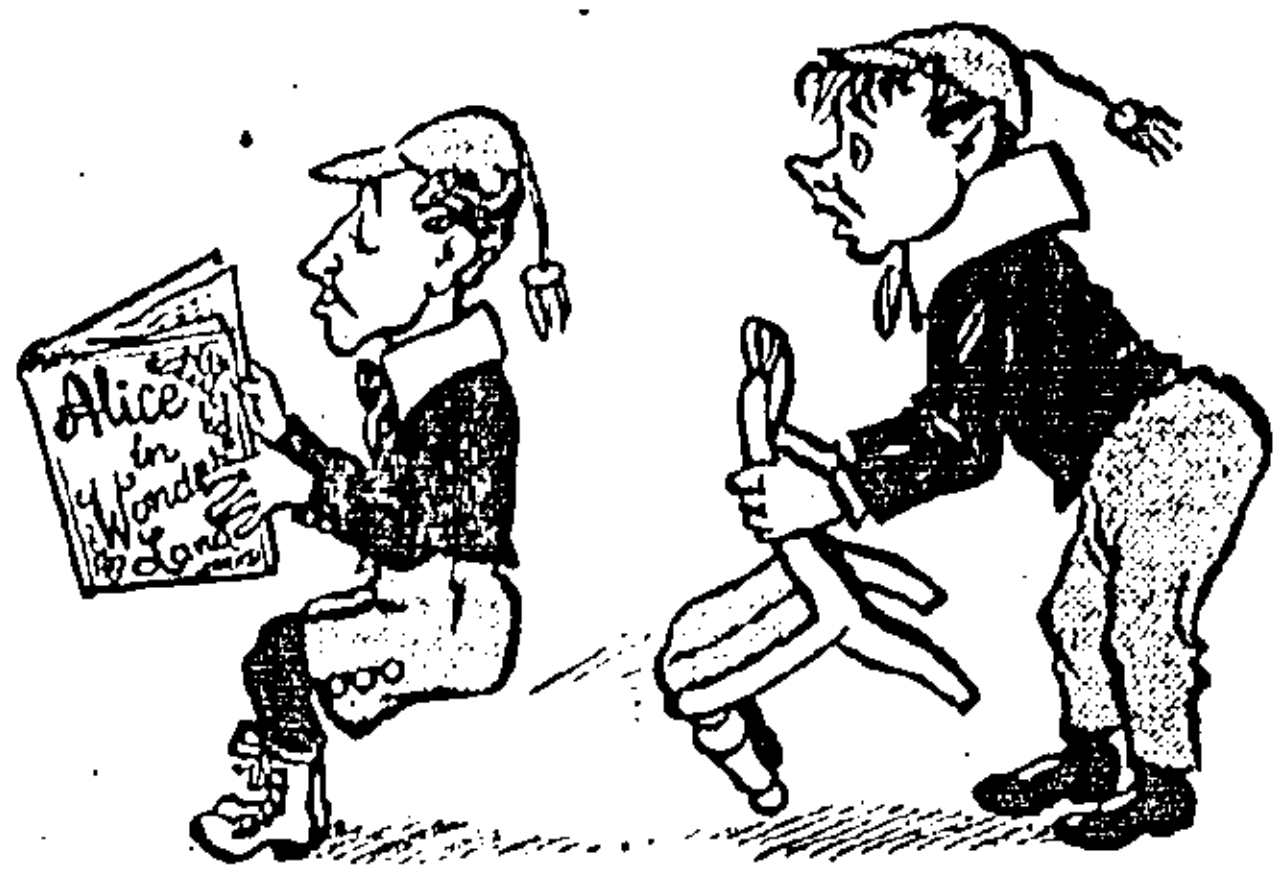
And why was I waiting?

Well, years ago, Billy Tingle and I were on the staff of the same school where he was Gym master, and I used to take music. Billy thought I might be interested in an experiment that was taking place at 25 Kimberley Road, Kowloon which is for the time being the headquarters of The Hongkong Music Training Centre for the Blind.

We climbed a rickety staircase and entered a small classroom in which some fifteen blind girls and boys were waiting. There were no pictures or decorations on the wall, because, after all, when every cent counts, it is of no use putting up pictures or maps which people cannot see.

Mrs Ronald Ching was waiting for us, and as Billy is a voluntary instructor there, I was the only person who had to be introduced. They greeted me in song. They have a fine tune to which they attach the name of the visitor, so in my case, it was "Welcome Mr Luff."

SOME UNRECORDED SCENES FROM HIS LIFE —by CUMMINGS



Sportive playmate removes chair from infant Harold—sang-froid keeps him rigid.



Young Mac—deep in literature—is run over by a horse bus.

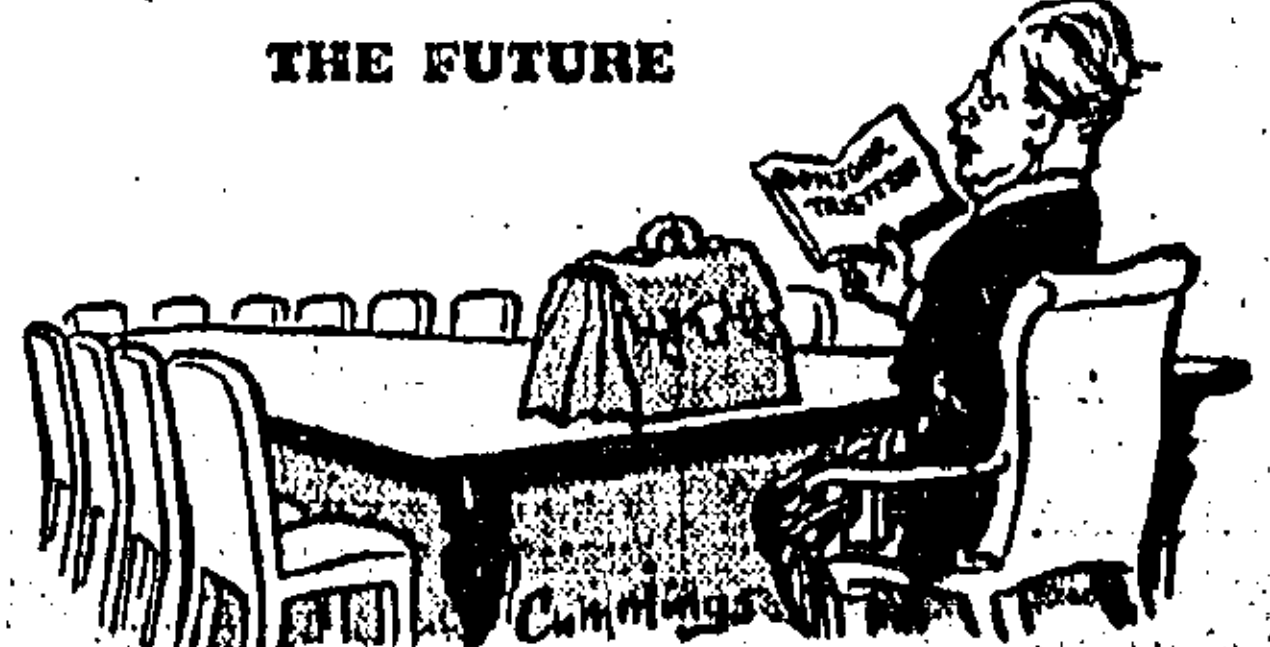


While on educational cruise, Mr. Macmillan's ship sinks—fortunately he is able to finish his brandy.



During Hitler war, bomb falls on his residence—happily his reading is not interrupted.

THE FUTURE



His entire Cabinet resigns. He quickly appoints himself to all Cabinet posts, and puts this "local trouble" out of his mind with Mlle. Sagan's chef d'oeuvre.



The Blind Flautist plays Beethoven's Minuet in G.

I stood there while they sang; fifteen pairs of sightless eyes gazing at me, fifteen faces glowing with such joy and happiness. The chorus was handed over to a soprano, and then, I think, repeated by the basses. I'm a bit confused, but I know there was some robust harmony as they brought their greeting to an end.

I should have thanked it, but I did not. It is hard to speak when you have a big lump in your throat.

From there, we went across to the music room, to which these sightless boys and girls found their way without help. All passed through the door safely except one little chap who did not allow himself sufficient clearance and hit his face a blow on the doorpost. But he did not mind. And soon he will find his way around as easily as the others.

Fortress

THE pupils grouped around one of the pianos, and the flautist played me a tune on the flute, while another student played the accompaniment on the piano.

Yes I recognised that one. Easy! It was Beethoven's Minuet in G. Then they sang again, this time in Chinese so I could not follow. But the tune was the rich Choral, and the words in English, as I recognise it, "A Mighty Fortress is our God."

Then off they went, helter-skelter to individual practice. I could hear two pianos going at the same time as a trombone, a trumpet, and a flute.

The flautist, perhaps to escape the strident tones of the trombone, had gone out of the door and was practising at the top of the staircase.

Those of you who follow music will know that no matter what instrument you play, you always put a bit of yourself in it. If a person is wooden, then a Bluthner sounds no better than a typewriter. In fact a typewriter, if played with expression, sounds better.

What I mean to say is, all these instruments playing different bits of music and a variety of scales did not make a discord. Rather did it sound like a aithyramb, a choric hymn of joy.

Of course it was. Just over three months ago, these boys and girls lived in a camp, flocks and jetsam of human kind in a hopeless world of darkness.

To be blind is a terrible thing. Never to have seen the sun rise, or to have seen the singing bird in a lofty tree. Never to have seen the sea which is really blue around this island. That is a terrible thing, but perhaps to be endured if, at hand, there is someone devoted to us, who will at times lend his eyes, as it were, and tell us of the setting sun and the clouds reflecting heaven's glory.

But to be blind and unwanted. To have been thrown aside as useless. To go through life unwanted. Dear God, who could endure that?

Being

YET three months ago, such was the lot of these young people. And they were rescued, and brought to this house. From being SOMETHING, they became SOMEONE... a boy or a girl who could make music, a boy or a girl who could on this bleak morning set the very house dancing with the joy of the rapture they felt.

Three months to a miracle. Singing in English, speaking English, fingers flashing over a keyboard, fingers conjuring music from a flute, pressing the keys of a trumpet, guiding a bow across the strings, measuring the slide of a trombone.

A miracle? What else! Who first breathed that whisper into a heart that could listen? Who guided those feet towards that camp? Who selected these wonderful youths where such talent is buried deep behind those sightless eyes?

I was there too early to meet the charitable people who devote much time to working this miracle in Hongkong. And so, in case by telling you,

inadequate funds. Because it has triumphed over all difficulties.

Mrs Ronald Ching told me that with the passing of time, the students will take their place in the world. They will venture forth with confidence to face the world, capable of earning their living as music teachers, piano tuners, and perhaps taking their place in a band or an orchestra.

No wonder then that the house trembled with joy. I forgot the cold morning and the grey skies, for these sightless ones radiated their own sunshine. And so I came away, out into the bleak and dreary January morning, to take my place among the people shivering as they walked to the Star Ferry. And every passer-by seemed so cold and irritable, but, I thought, you have your eyes. I thought too, of the amount of grunting I do myself. And on the Ferry, I watched the faces, but no one seemed very happy as the wind searched out every nook and cranny of the ship.

Happiness

WELL then, what is happiness? At least I know. If you asked me, I should direct you to the Music Training Centre for the Blind. You will find it in the little classroom where these boys and girls gather to meet you. Happiness abundant, happiness running over. A happiness which we more fortunate people can never know. For you can't have more than every-



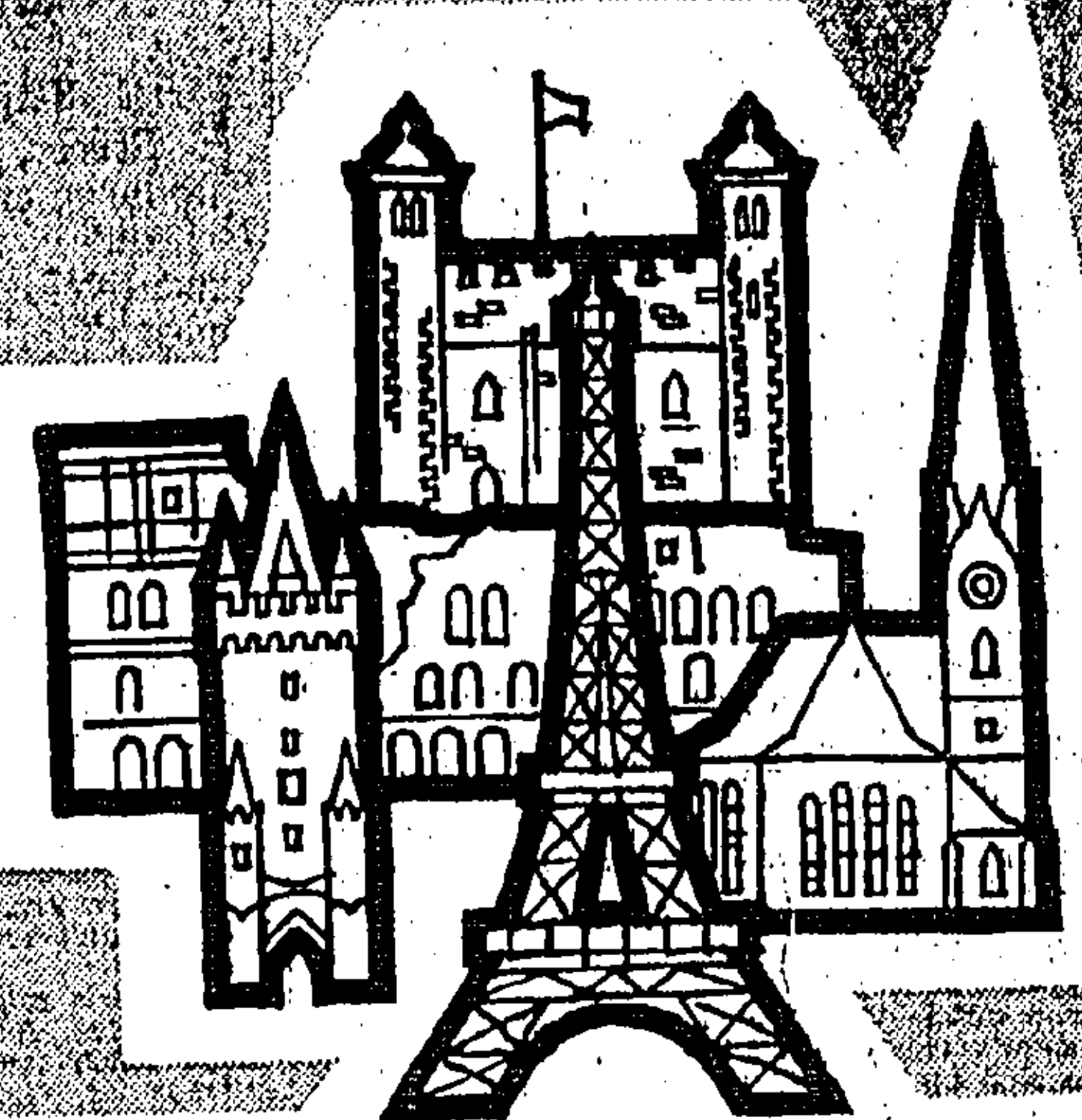
One of the voluntary teachers gives instruction on the flute.

and so spoiling a beautiful thing. And they have work that has been done in the secrecy of love, I friend. They have discovered how to make music. Generous friends have filled their rice bowl. Clothing has been given to clad them. Wonderful people have given their time to teach them the arts. What a miracle! "The people who persevere in that darkness with a light."

by JOHN LUFF

EUROPE

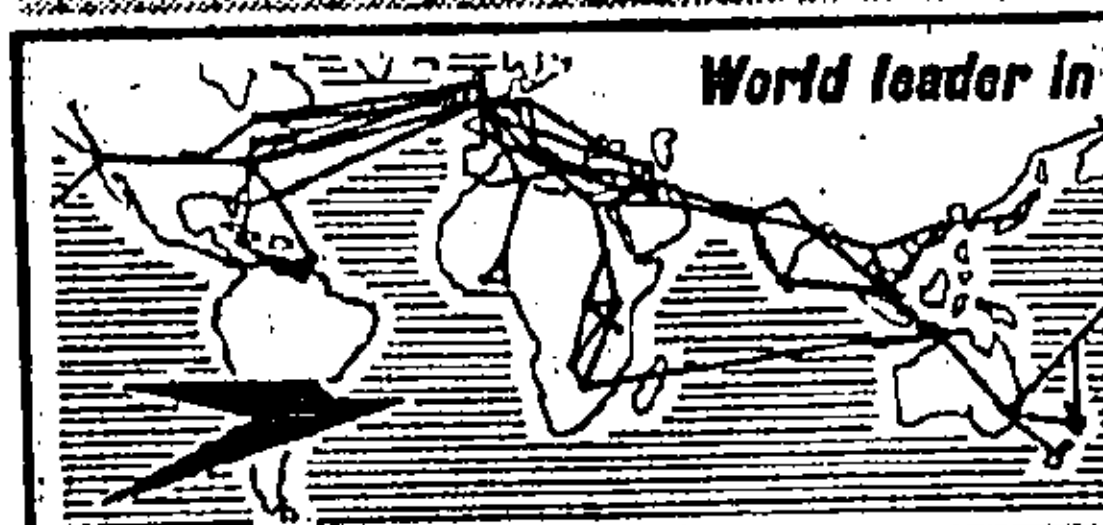
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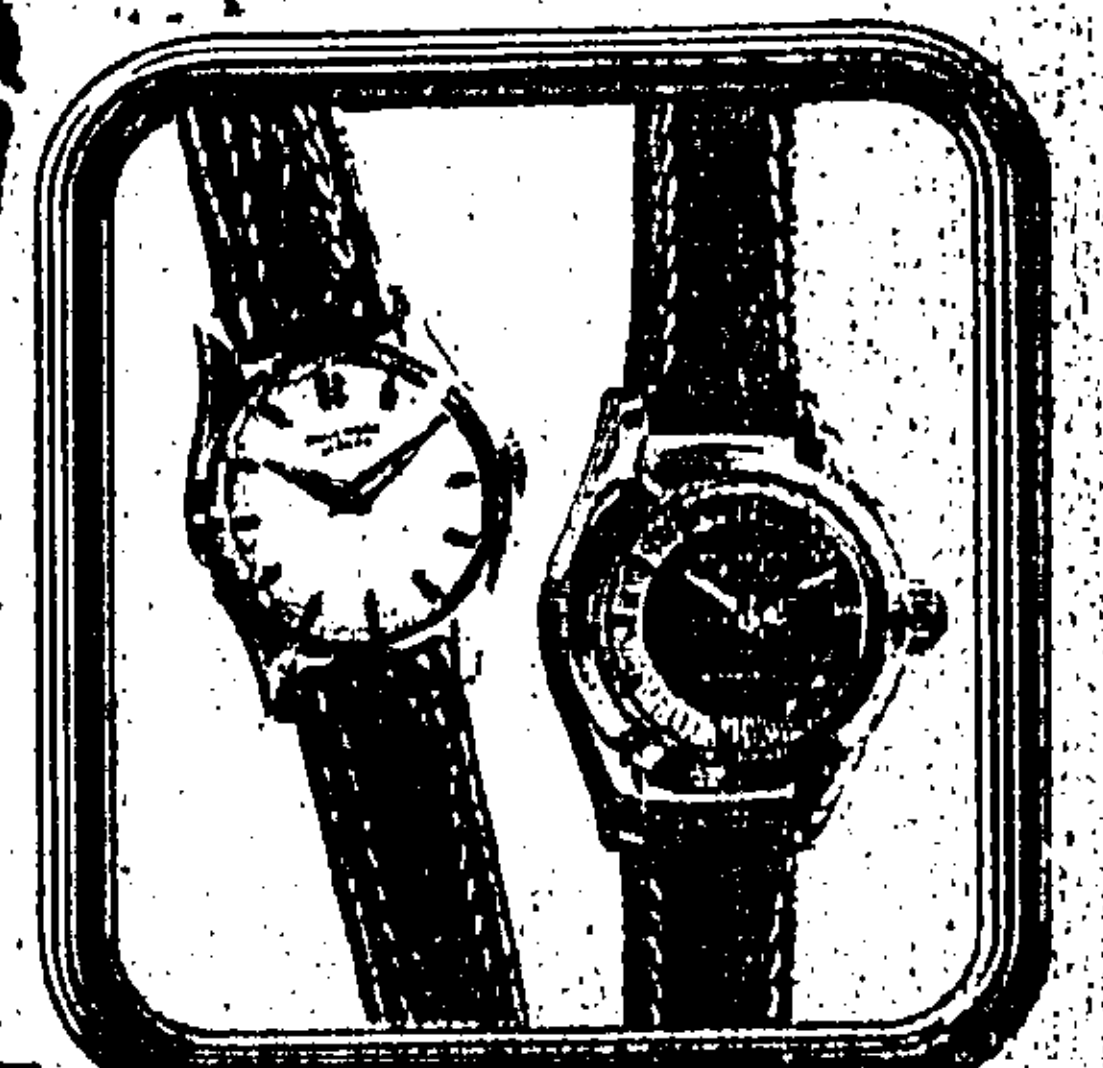
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Your Radio Listening For Next Week In Detail—A "China Mail" Feature

Sports Enthusiasts Well Served In Coming Week's Broadcasts

Sports enthusiasts are well served in the next week's broadcasting from Radio Hongkong, as both local and international sport is fully dealt with.

Starting this afternoon with race commentaries from Happy Valley at twenty minutes past three, and ending with a boxing commentary from the ringside at McPherson Stadium, Kowloon, next Wednesday, every effort has been made to include all the major sporting events.

From the roof of the grandstand of the Happy Valley Race Course, Tim Brinton and John Wallace will describe the horses in the paddock, the start and the race itself during one of the classic events on the Hong Kong racing calendar, the Pearce Memorial Cup.

During the time that the commentators are on the air it is hoped that it will be possible to broadcast the winning numbers in the Hongkong Jockey Club Cash Sweep.

At 8.30 this evening, an usual Sports Cavalcade, which features several personal interviews with the top sportsmen in their particular field and the results of all the day's local sports events, will be on the air.

This afternoon and tomorrow motor sportsmen from all over Hongkong will be taking part in the Hongkong Automobile Association's Annual Rally.

This event, a two-day trial of skill and precision driving, takes place over a course which includes most of the roads on the island and on the Kowloon peninsula, and culminates in a special motor show and Concours d'Elegance in the Government Stadium at Sotkampoo on Sunday afternoon.

Ted Thomas will be following the rally in his own car and will be recording the highlights of the rally for use in a special half hour feature programme which will be broadcast at 10.30 tomorrow evening.

Motor sports on international scale is dealt with on Monday evening when at 7.15 in the evening Radio Hongkong will be broadcasting a recorded relay commentary on the Monte Carlo Rally.

On Friday evening at 8.30 Ted Thomas will be at the ringside to describe the boxing during the finals of the Army Individual Boxing Championships at the McPherson Stadium, Kowloon. This is the major Army boxing tournament of the season in Hongkong this season as the Team Championships are to be held in Singapore this year.

Tomorrow Sunday, January 26, is Australia Day and India Day.

Radio Hongkong will mark Australia Day by broadcasting a special Australian half hour feature programme from noon until 12.30.

At six o'clock in the evening a programme to mark India Day will be broadcast. In this the Commissioner for India, Mr. B. P. Adarkar, will give a short talk and some Indian music will be played.

On Thursday evening at 9.45 Radio Hongkong will be presenting a half hour programme in celebration of the centenary of the Manchester Halle Orchestra.

The Halle Orchestra is the oldest permanent orchestra in Britain and the fourth oldest in the world. Their first concert was given on January 30, 1858, in the Free Trade Hall of Manchester.

Since this time many famous conductors have directed the Orchestra and these include Sir Thomas Beecham, Sir Malcolm Sargent and Hans Richter. The permanent conductor is Sir John Barbirolli who has been with the Orchestra since 1943.

Mr. John Jenkins is the British Council representative for Hongkong. He has been a professional musician and specialises in the organ and church music. He is a committee member of the Sino-British Club and serves as Chairman on the Music and Literary sub-committee.

In his programme Mr. Jenkins will trace the history of the orchestra over the last hundred years and will illustrate his narrative with recordings made by the orchestra. These will include Purcell's Suite for strings, Balgova variations by Edward Elgar and Tchaikovsky's Swan Lake.

The Halle Orchestra gives about two hundred concerts a year and has toured abroad with great success. The fortnightly odds and ends programme, "Patchwork", will be on the air again at 8.15 on Wednesday evening. Directed and produced by Gillian Durling and introduced by Peter Dawson.

Today

12.30 p.m. COMPOSER CAVALCADE. GEORGE GERSHWIN.
1.00 TIME SIGNAL.
1.15 WEATHER REPORT.
1.30 LUNCHTIME MUSIC.
1.45 WEATHER REPORT.
2.00 TIME SIGNAL.
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Sunday

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12.45 WEATHER REPORT.

BBC Overseas Shortwave Programmes

(8.30 p.m. to 12.15 a.m. on 25.750 Mc/s, 11.65mc and 21.550 Mc/s, 18.92mc)

SATURDAY, JAN. 25
8.30 p.m. THE GOON SHOW.
9.00 THE NEWS.
9.15 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
9.30 THE NEWS.
9.45 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
10.00 THE NEWS.
10.15 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
10.30 THE NEWS.
10.45 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
11.00 THE NEWS.
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11.30 THE NEWS.
11.45 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
12.00 THE NEWS.
12.15 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
12.30 THE NEWS.
12.45 SPORTS ROUND-UP.

SUNDAY, JAN. 26
8.30 p.m. SUNDAY SERVICE.
9.00 THE NEWS.
9.15 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
9.30 THE NEWS.
9.45 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
10.00 THE NEWS.
10.15 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
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Monday
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12.00 TIME SIGNAL.
12.15 WEATHER REPORT.
12.30 LUNCHTIME MUSIC.
12.45 WEATHER REPORT.

The Music of ELGAR

ELGAR: SYMPHONY No. 1 in A FLAT MAJOR
And: Cello Concerto in E Minor, Op. 85, (Andre Navarra, cello). Sir John Barbirolli conducting The Halle Orchestra.

ELGAR: THE WAND OF YOUTH, (Suites 1 & 2)
Eduard van Beinum conducting The London Philharmonic Orchestra.

ELGAR: POMP AND CIRCUMSTANCE MARCH No. 1
And: Paganini's Molo Perpetuo — Brahms: Serenade No. 2 in A Major — Richard Strauss: Serenade for wind instruments in E Flat Major, Op. 7, and others. The Philadelphia Orchestra conducted by Eugene Ormandy.

MOUTRIE'S 15 Chater Road, Hong Kong Tel. 20527
Miramar Arcade, Kowloon Tel. 63019

THE HONG KONG JOCKEY CLUB

SEVENTH RACE MEETING

Saturday 18th and Sunday 25th January 1958
(To be held under the Rules of the Hong Kong Jockey Club)

THE PROGRAMME WILL CONSIST OF 10 RACES.

The First Race will be run at 1:30 p.m. and the First Race run at 2:00 p.m. on both days.
The Secretary's Office at Alexandra House will close at 11:45 a.m. on both days.

MEMBERS' ENCLOSURE

NO PERSON WITHOUT A BADGE WILL BE ADMITTED.
All persons MUST wear their badges prominently displayed throughout the meeting.

Admission Badges at \$10.00 each per day are obtainable from the Club's Cash Sweep Office, at Queen's Building, Chater Road and 382 Nathan Road only on the written introduction of a Member, who will be responsible for all visitors introduced by him.

Times will be obtainable at the Club House if ordered in advance from the No. 1 Box (Tel. 72811).
The 6th Floor is restricted to Members and Ladies wearing Lady's Brooches.

NO CHILDREN will be admitted to the Club's premises during the Meeting. For this purpose a child is a person under the age of seventeen years, Western Standard.

PUBLIC ENCLOSURE

The price of admission will be \$3.00 each per day payable at the Gate.

Any person leaving the Enclosure will be required to pay the requisite fee of \$3.00 in order to gain re-admission.
MEALS and REFRESHMENTS will be obtainable in the RESTAURANT.

SERVANTS

Servants must remain in their employers' boxes except for passing through on their duties. They may on no account use the Betting Booths or Pay Out Booths in the Enclosures.

CASH SWEEPS

Through Cash Sweep Tickets at \$16.00 each for each day and \$32.00 each for both days may be obtained from the Cash Sweep Office at Queen's Building, Chater Road, and 5, D'Agular Street during normal office hours and until 10.00 a.m. on the 1st day of the Race Meeting.

Particular numbers within the series 1 to 3,000 may be reserved for all race meetings as Through Tickets. Such tickets will be issued consecutively only and the right is reserved by the Stewards to cancel any reservation for Through Tickets for a particular Meeting if it is found that sales may not reach the number reserved in the series 1 to 3,000.

In the case of two-day Race Meetings, Through Tickets may be purchased for each day of the Meeting provided that the second day is on a date not less than five days after the first day. In all other cases Through Tickets will only be sold for the whole Meeting.

Tickets reserved and available but not paid for by 10.00 a.m. on Friday, 17th January, 1958, will be sold and the reservation cancelled for future Meetings.

Tickets over 3,000 will also be issued consecutively but particular numbers cannot be reserved as Through Tickets.
The reservation of any particular number does not confer on the registered holder any rights whatsoever unless the ticket bearing the appropriate number is issued to and can be produced by the holder.

The Stewards reserve the right to refuse any subscription also the right to remove any name from Subscription Lists without stating reasons for their action.

Tickets for the Special Cash Sweep on the Pearce Memorial Cup scheduled to be run on 25th January, 1958, at \$2.00 each may be obtained from the Cash Sweep Office at—

Queen's Building (Chater Road) and 5, D'Agular Street on
Mondays to Fridays 8 a.m. to 5 p.m.
Saturday, 18th January 9 a.m. to 11 a.m.
382, Nathan Road, Kowloon
Mondays to Fridays 10 a.m. to 4 p.m.
Saturday, 18th January 9 a.m. to 11 a.m.

TOTALISATOR

Backers are advised not to destroy or throw away their tickets until after the "all clear" signal has been exhibited.

ALL WINNING TICKETS AND TICKETS FOR REFUNDS MUST BE PRESENTED FOR PAYMENT AT THE RACE COURSE ON THE DAY TO WHICH THEY REFER, NOT LATER THAN ONE HOUR AFTER THE TIME FOR WHICH THE LAST RACE OF THE DAY HAS BEEN SCHEDULED TO BE RUN.

PAYMENTS WILL NOT BE MADE ON TORN OR DISFIGURED TICKETS.

Bookmakers, Tip Men, etc. will not be permitted to operate within the precincts of the Hong Kong Jockey Club.

By Order of the Stewards,
A. E. Arnold,
Secretary.

I. M. MacTavish's Saturday Soccer Spot

NOTHING TO JUSTIFY THE MOVE

Why Should This Game Have Been Played At The Hongkong Stadium?

It is frequently very difficult to follow the reasoning behind some of the things that happen in Colony football.... but nowadays it is becoming rather obvious that it is all too easy to get a very ordinary occasion embellished with the 'big' label.... even when it is an occasion which almost every follower of the game knows is unworthy of such a garnishing.

A perfect example of this was given last weekend when the Senior Shield match between South China and Eastern was transferred from the more humble Caroline Hill ground to the ostentatious confines of the Hongkong Stadium.

I know some of the reasons that have been offered publicly for the switch and I also know something of those that have been discussed behind the scenes. It's all a very mixed up story. In common with many of our soccer folks I hold the opinion that there was absolutely nothing in the background of the match which justified its being regarded as a super stadium attraction.... especially all the dramatic last minute switching of venues and dates. It is true of course that earlier in the season Eastern scored a well merited victory over South China in a League game but since then there has been a great difference in the fortunes of the two clubs. Eastern have slipped badly while the Caroline Hill side has gone from success to success and has now in fact overhauled KMB in a tense race for the Championship.

Badly Beaten

Just a week earlier South China had swamped Sling Tao while Eastern had been badly beaten by the Police.... yet somehow the folks behind the South China-Eastern Shield game managed to convince the HKFA that the meeting was enough of a public attraction to be switched to the Hongkong Stadium.

How wrong they were. The third rate encounter was played before a crowd that only just half filled the great arena.... a crowd that could very easily have been accommodated across the road at the ground where the game should originally have been played.

To those who do not follow the inner workings of our soccer

Full Strength

A full strength Blackpool side would be a wonderful attraction. The Hongkong football faithful would see soccer played in a more purposeful way than they have done from any set of visitors in recent years with the possible exception of the Grasshoppers club who came from Switzerland four years ago.... but I am in full agreement with the men-officials of the HKFA who feel it must be a full strength Blackpool or no Blackpool at all.

To me that argument makes an awful lot of good sense. The English side has a number of players who may very well be required for their countries in the World Cup series and without these stars Blackpool, in spite of a powerful reserve of players, would lack the classic trimmings we want to see.

It would be a tragedy if the visit did not materialize.... but I support those who believe it would be an even greater letdown to accept an understrength Blackpool. Up to the time of writing this article I understand no reply has yet been received to the HKFA's offer of £4500.

I understand also that the appropriate committee of the HKFA will meet to discuss the question in all its aspects in the course of the next few days.... but in view of the general silence which has prevailed since the HKFA closed session meeting earlier this week it seems certain that the parent association is going to exercise its undisputed rights and handle all the negotiations and arrangements in connection with the visit if and when it takes place.

I hope my reading of the general silence is accurate. I am sure if any other decision had been reached it would have been made public by now.... and I am sure too that there are many who will applaud any decision by the HKFA to insist on its

Poor Football

Neither can I imagine that either of the players concerned were in any way satisfied with their efforts to get the ball into the net. Yiu Cheuk-yin was certainly only thwarted on one occasion by a brilliant bit of goalkeeping.... but some of his shooting, and some of the efforts by Ho Cheung-yau to meet the ball, and simply poor football.... and that cannot be hidden in an excuse that it was part of South China's plan.

No team goes into a knock-out competition with a playing policy which is based on scheming, but precludes the vital necessity of getting the ball into the net. Ho Cheung-yau and Yiu Cheuk-yin did the scheming stuff with all their customary skill.... but they did not finish. If it was part of a plan, I'm afraid it was a football frolic I didn't understand.

This Afternoon's Rugby

IT LOOKS LIKE A CLEAR-CUT WIN FOR ARMY OVER THE RAF TODAY

Says "PAK LO"

There are only three rugby games now scheduled for this afternoon, for the Club v Taiwan match is scratched until further notice, as final arrangements have still to be made regarding the arrival of the players from Taiwan, who are expected, if all goes well, around about Chinese New Year.

There is still some doubt whether they will indeed come, for at the moment no one is as yet certain exactly what type of football they play up there. If it is the American version then the tour will be definitely off.

The three games this afternoon are well spread out for at Sek Kong at 3.30 p.m. the RAF meet the Army, while at the same time at the Army Ground in Kowloon the Police clash with the Navy. Both these matches are part and parcel of the Pentangular Tournament.

On the other side of the bar-bout on the Club ground the "B" are at home to the East Lancashire Regiment in a "friendly" match. The latter XV stepped gallantly into the breach left by the 24th Field Regiment at short notice, as the 24th Field Regiment Rugby XV has gone down to Malaya to contest the Army Inter-Unit Finals.

Most spectators will therefore be at Boundary Street where an exciting game should take place. Navy are once again struggling to field a XV and it is possible that the XV which takes the field will show one or two alterations from that published, but details of these changes, if there are any, are not available at time of going to press.

Unknown Players

The Navy three line shows one change on the wing where Sanders is brought in, while in front of the three Brophy and Freeman are this week's halves. Only Brophy and Vallings remain from last week's pack, which now contains a lot of unknown players.

The Police will be turning out the same side that lost to the Club on Wednesday, but this time they are up against much weaker opposition, with Cunningham outkicking Winston, the Police three should have every chance of getting moving, and they should score for the strength of the Navy defence line in the centre where Watson is sure to see that the Police three get a warm if hard reception.

The Police three with their faster and heavier forwards to back them up should break through and add another two points to their Pentangular total, giving the Police in three games as many points as they have earned throughout a whole Tournament for many a long season past.

In the game at Sek Kong the Army, although shaken by the Police, should be happier today against the orthodox RAF three. The faster Army three with their superior pack should win for the Army today. The RAF three, although fast and a plentiful supply of the ball to get them started, and

And without the backing of their forceful pack leader and place kicker it looks like a clear-cut win for the Army today. The RAF three, although fast and a plentiful supply of the ball to get them started, and

Pye's Fine Form

Jesse Pye, veteran International, is in fine form for Wisbech Town in the Midland League. He has scored 20 goals this season. In a remarkable game against Rotherham County Reserves, Wisbech started without Pye and Bobby Langton and had all the play. When they arrived Rotherham immediately took the lead. But in the end Wisbech won 3-1.

YOUNG STANLEY IS JUST LIKE HIS FATHER

Says DAN MASKELL

Stanley Matthews junior, 12-year-old son of the famous footballer, has been one of nine boys under instruction during the past week at the LTA Winter Junior School at Queen's Club.

A number of people have asked me just how good young Stanley really is. Is he likely to develop into a player of top Wimbledon class?

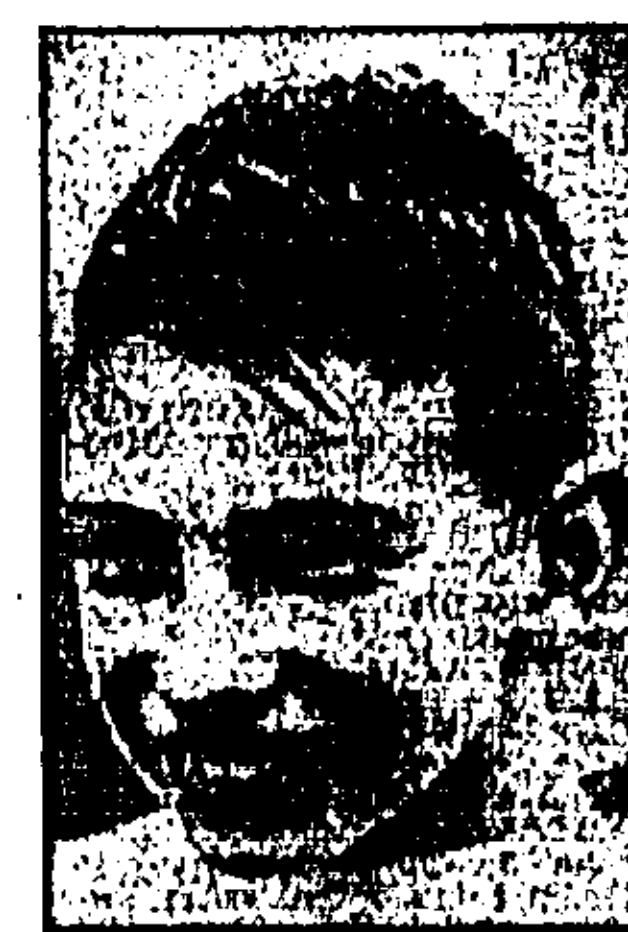
"Without question he and three or four others who have been training with him are the most promising boys of their 12-13 age group that I have ever seen in this country."

Matthews, in particular, has excellent ball sense, and competition seems to bring out the best in him—just like his father on a big occasion. His footwork is a bit rusty, but one would hardly expect a son of footballer Stanley Matthews to be anything but quick about the court.

All the boys have absorbed their coaching well, and are developing a sound basic technique. George Worthington, the Australian who has been with us three years as coach at the All-England Club, Wimbledon, told me:

"There is no question that Matthews and the other boys are very, very good material. They are as good as Australian boys of the same age." Eleven girls have also been under instruction. The average

standard is not as high as the boys', but there are two or three who have pleased Mrs Mary

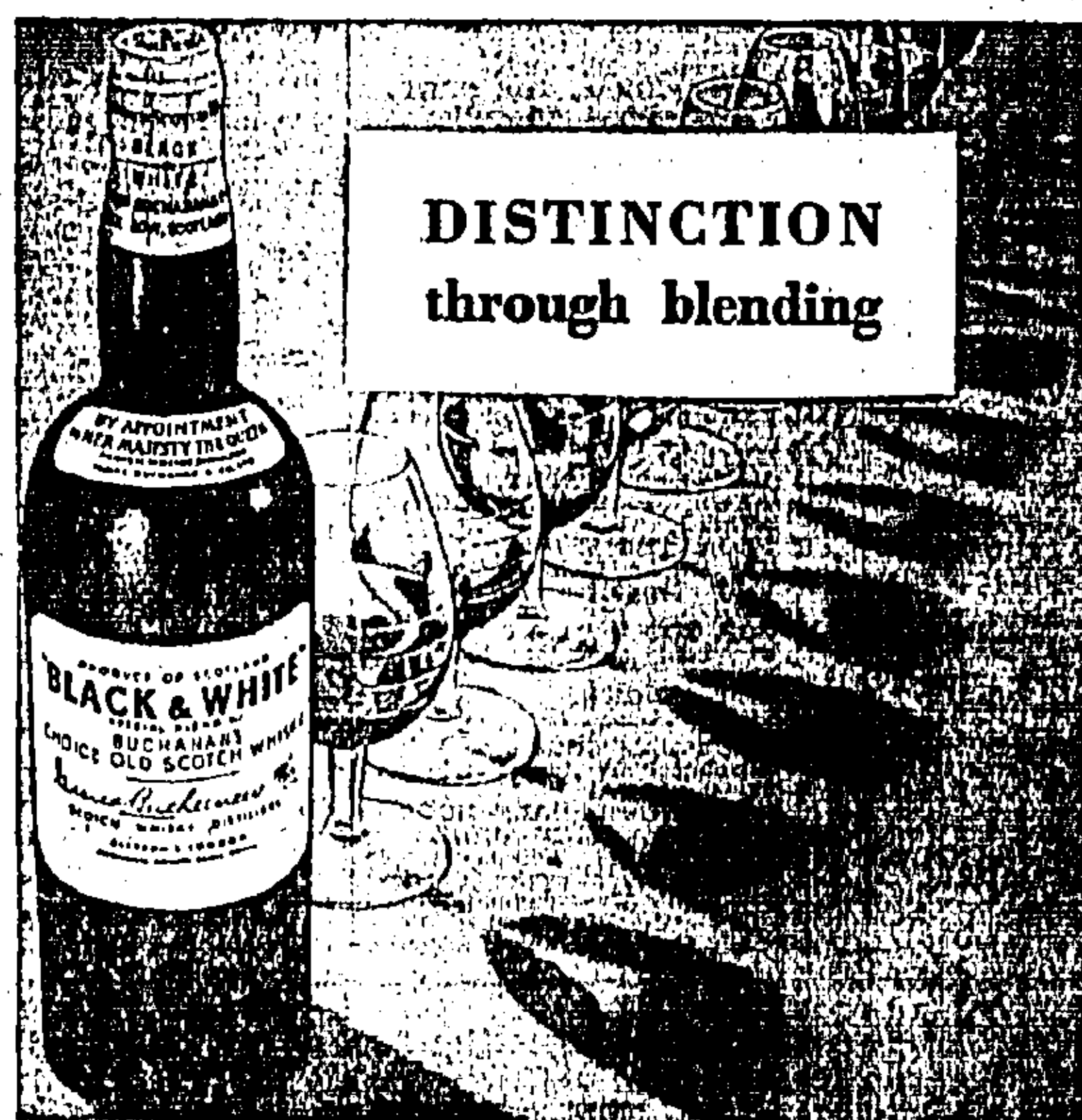
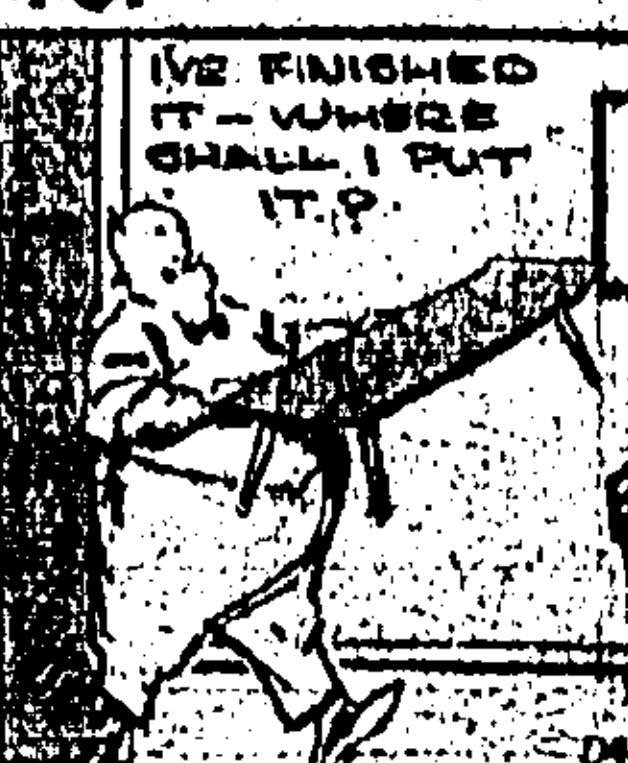


Stanley Matthews Junior

Halford, the Wightman Cup captain. Who knows? One of them may be another Christine Truman.

(London Express Service)
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EXHIBITION SOFTBALL THIS WEEK

Taiwan Girls Take On All-Hongkong Today At King's Park

By "TIME OUT"

League softball takes a back seat during the weekend, as once again the Colony's softball fans extend a warm welcome to the Yu Shan Ladies' team from Taiwan. The contingent, comprising five officials and 14 players, arrived last week for a three-games series against the best Hongkong has to offer and spectators are in for an exhibition by the visitors of how softball for the fairer sex should and can be played.

Today at 3.30 p.m. Yu Shan take on the All-Hongkong Selection in the opening game. Tomorrow they are engaged in a double-header when at 11.80 a.m. they cross bats with the European Selection and at 3.30 p.m. they bring the series to an end when they come up against the Combined Chinese girls.

To accommodate the visitors the two Senior games for tomorrow have been postponed but activities in the Men's Junior League and the Ladies' League continue unabated, so the hard-to-please fans should have no grounds for complaints since there will be a total of seven games to choose from.

The Comets should account for Wah Ying this afternoon, but it might not be so easy for a depleted Cheyennes nine to score a win over the strong P.I. Dodgers at the other end of the field.

The CAA Ladies and Overseas clash at 10.00 a.m. tomorrow and at 1.45 p.m. the Seminoles meet the Austers. Wins for CAA and the Seminoles are predicted.

Clean Sweep

The Colony's current crop of lady softballers will be put to the test over the weekend when they engage in the series against Taiwan and I make bold to predict that any result other than a clean sweep of the three games by the visitors will come as a shock to all who have seen Yu Shan in action before. A glance at the past results of Colony sides against Taiwan teams will lend substance to my contention.

March, 1956—Ching Hsui Ladies team beat Combined Chinese 10-0; beat European

Selection 10-3; beat Overseas Chinese 14-3; lost to All-Hongkong 2-5.

September, 1955—Yu Shan Ladies' team beat Capandas 8-2; beat Overseas 10-2; beat European Selection 10-0; beat South China 14-4; beat Combined Chinese 16-7; beat "Old Crocks" 11-9.

April, 1957—Taiwan University (Combined Yu Shan/Ching San) beat South China 16-2; beat Combined Chinese 8-7; beat European Selection 13-4; beat Overseas 10-0.

Teachers All

The Yu Shan team is made up of school teachers from the So Lam and Tung Shek Middle Schools and were runners-up in the Taiwan Schools League in 1957, having lost in the play-off game to the Tso Kau Do-nestic Science School by the narrow margin of 5 runs to 4. Seven members of the present team were seen in action two years ago and rest are making their debut in local softball.

I witnessed a recent loosening-up of Yu Shan and standing head and shoulders above the rest of the team was the captain and pitcher, Chen Bih-ju. Yes, girls, this is the same hurler whose easy pitching motion deceived the local batters previously. Her deceptive curves and fast up-shoots are still there and if she can fool even experienced players like the stars from the perennial champions, the Wahos, by mauling them swing with monotonous regularity at nothing but air, she is certain to add many more names to her list of strike-out victims in the present series.

Hectic Times

The Yu Shan infield did not let any grounders go past and as for the outfield the anticipation, judgment of fly-balls and turn of speed have to be seen to be believed. On the offensive side they impressed with their base-running and power in batting. I am afraid the local teams are in for a really hectic time as this team from Taiwan has everything. The Hongkong girls are expected to have some trouble with feet—the extra 10 to be coped with between bases. At the visitors' request the switching distance stay at 35 feet but that between the socks will be increased to 60 ft. from the normal 50 ft. to which our lady softballers are accustomed.

The extra yards will most certainly affect the Hongkong teams, particularly in the catching and base-running for with the exception of South China the players from the local Ladies' League have not played the game on a larger diamond.

And what have we to offer against such stiff opposition? Out present bunch of players

can hardly be compared with the old Wahos who habitually won championships year after year, and don't forget that we suffered our worst defeat of 16-0 at the hands of Yu Shan in 1955 and the European Selection then was made up of a majority of Wahos and Colleens!

Frankly speaking, we have no material to match what Yu Shan has to offer. The All-Hongkong team that will open the series will probably be Pitcher Peanut Yim (South China), Catcher Miro Almeida (Hurricanes), 1st base L. Y. Kwok (South China), 2nd base May Pau (South China), 3rd base Helen Leung (CAA), shortstop "Dinga" Ozerio (Hurricanes), left-field Frances da Silva (HK University), centre-field C. Y. Lam (South China) and right-field Ena Remedios (HK University) or Margaret Lam (South China) with perhaps "Poncy" Ozerio, Myra Cruz, Terry Ozerio and a sprinkling of South China girls standing by.

Champion Side

The European Selection will be represented by practically the entire potential champion side, the Hurricanes, with the addition of the University's Maureen Djones, Ena Remedios and Frances da Silva while the Combined Chinese nine later in the day will almost certainly be recruited from the ranks of last year's champions, South China, since apart from the Carolines there are not many standout players in predominantly Chinese sides like CAA, Overseas or the University.

The local girls can match the visitors only in batting strength. It will be no easy task to connect against the superb pitching of Chen Bih-ju and therein lies the answer to glorious victory or devastating defeat.

Answers To Sports Quiz

1. Hogan Bassey.
2. 800 metres (or 880 yards).
3. Women's World Table Tennis Champion.
4. World Middleweight Title. Sugar Ray Robinson.
5. Stockholm.
6. Stockholm.
7. Football and Cricket. Everton and Clyde are well-known British Football League clubs. And two famous West Indian cricketers are Everton Weekes and Clyde Walcott.
8. Yvon Petra of France (1946); Jaroslav Drobný of Egypt (1955).
9. Neil Harvey.
10. Jean Borotra.

Sixteen Fourth Round FA Cup Ties Today

By ARCHIE QUICK

Another stage of the FA Cup competition today, with the playing of the 16 Fourth Round ties, is notable for the complete absence of non-League clubs. There are 12 First Division sides, 14 from the Second Division, five from the Third Division North and only one—Northampton—from the Southern Section.

How heavily the draw tipped the scales in favour of the big clubs is shown by the fact that only four Division One teams and six from the Second have to travel, while only one Third Division team—York—are at home!

Where are the shocks coming from this time? After what they did to Birmingham, York could beat Bolton, and there may be a surprise for Wolves against Portsmouth. Charlton can avoid defeat at Fulham, and Forest will not be easily beaten at West Bromwich. In fact, an Albion defeat could be the No. 1 surprise. Most likely away winners are Burnley at Bristol Rovers, but generally it looks an outstanding day for the home sides.

Last Sixteen

My last 16 are: Burnley, Orient, Chelsea, Everton, Charlton, Liverpool, Manchester United, Newcastle, Notts County, Wednesday, Stoke, Spurs, West Bromwich, West Ham, Wolves and Bolton.

Grimsby should win outright at Rotherham in the only Division Two match. In Division Three South Brighton should retain the leadership with a win over Watford, but runners-up Swindon should also defeat Burnmouth; Norwich to win at Aldershot seems the most likely away victory, while of the other visiting sides Shrewsbury

should get a draw at Exeter, and Plymouth do likewise at Southend. Home successes for Gillingham v Coventry, Millwall v Walsall, Newport v Torquay, Port Vale v Brentford, Reading v QPR and Southampton v Palace.

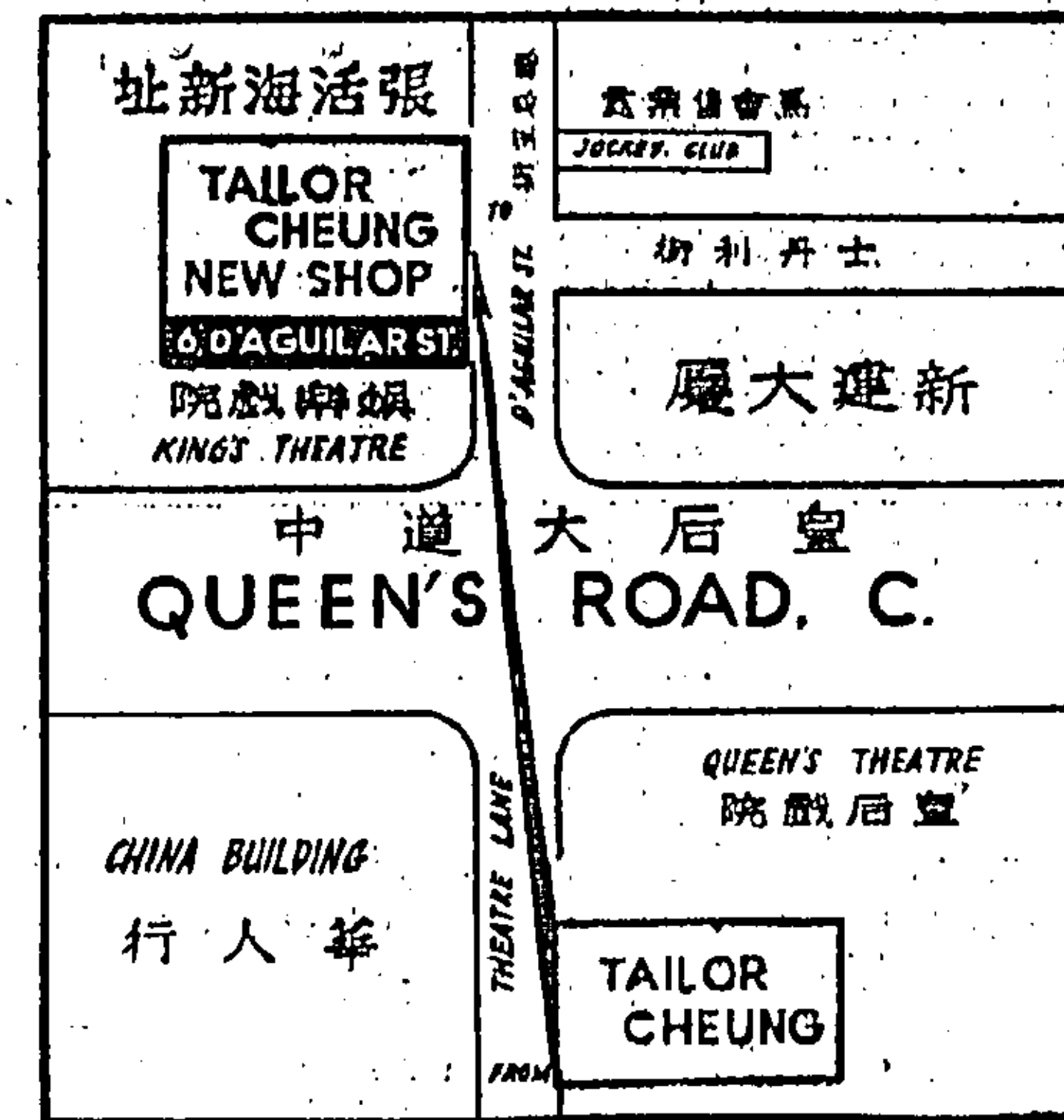
In the six games in the Northern section, only Bradford City and Chesterfield of the top seven clubs are playing, and they meet each other. City should win. Crewe v Southport—the two bottom clubs—Halifax v Bradford, Mansfield v Accrington, Rochdale v Carlisle and Workington v Chester should all result in home victories.

Up in Scotland Hearts have established a commanding 13 points lead in the First Division, and should keep it with a win over Third Lanark. The next two clubs, Rangers and Clyde, are both at home, and lowly St Mirren and Queen of the South should be too obstacles to fall points. For away wins Hibs at Queens Park and Celtic at Raith are indicated. The remaining home teams should get through—Falkirk v Partick, Kilmarnock v East Fife and Motherwell v Dundee.

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Sports Diary

TODAY

Motor Rally
Annual Combined Motor Rally in Kowloon and N.T. from Salisbury Road, 2.45 p.m.

Racing
Second Day of Seventh Race Meeting, Happy Valley, 2 p.m.

Cricket
1st Division: Recreation v Army "South", IRC v Scorpions, Navy v Police, Optimists v KCC, Army "with" v R.A.F.
2nd Division: KCC "Wamp" v D.B.S., Dockyard v University, Centaurs v R.A.F. Police v K.G.V., Army "North" v KCC "Hornet".

Soccer
1st Division: Eastern v R.A.F. (C.I.), Club v Tung Wah (Navy), C.A.A. Kwong Wah (HS) all matches at 3.45 p.m.
2nd Division: Club v Tung Wah (Navy) 2.15 p.m.; R.A.F. v Gymnasium (BS) 2.15 p.m.; Telephone v Prison (HS) 2.15 p.m.; Caroline Hill v St Joseph's (HS) 2.45 p.m.; C & W v Aircraft (HS) 3.45 p.m.

3rd Division: Mercantile v Dodwell (HS) 2.15 p.m.; Rediffusion v Watsons (HS) 2.15 p.m.; Kin Godown v University (HS) 3.45 p.m.

Hockey
Ladies' League: KGV v Recreation "B" (KP) 2.30 p.m.; King's v Victorians (HS) 2.30 p.m.

Rugby
Club "B" v 24 Fd Regt (Club) 3 p.m.; Army v R.A.F. (SKP) 3.30 p.m.; Police v Navy (BS) 3.30 p.m.

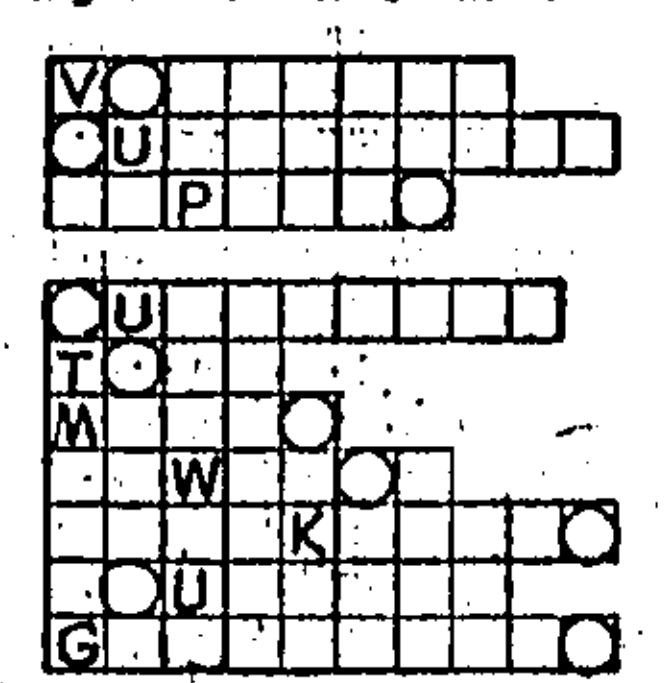
Shooting
Annual Biathlon at Kai Tak ranges. Exhibition Game: Taiwan Yu Shan v All Hongkong (KP) 3.30 p.m.



- 1 Railway station
- 2 From down under
- 3 Skipper
- 4 Opinion
- 5 Pile too
- 6 Safety one
- 7 Such a green
- 8 Gentlemen or players?
- 9 Edge
- 10 West Indian town

NAMESAKES

INSTRUCTIONS: Fill in the spaces against each of the clues below with a word related to my life. The letters in circles spell out my name. Who am I?



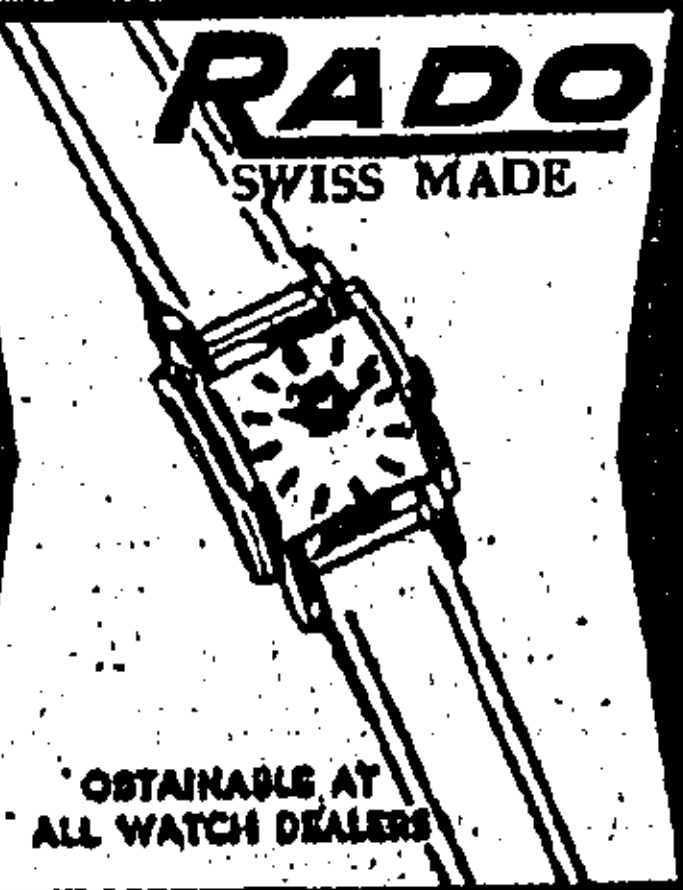
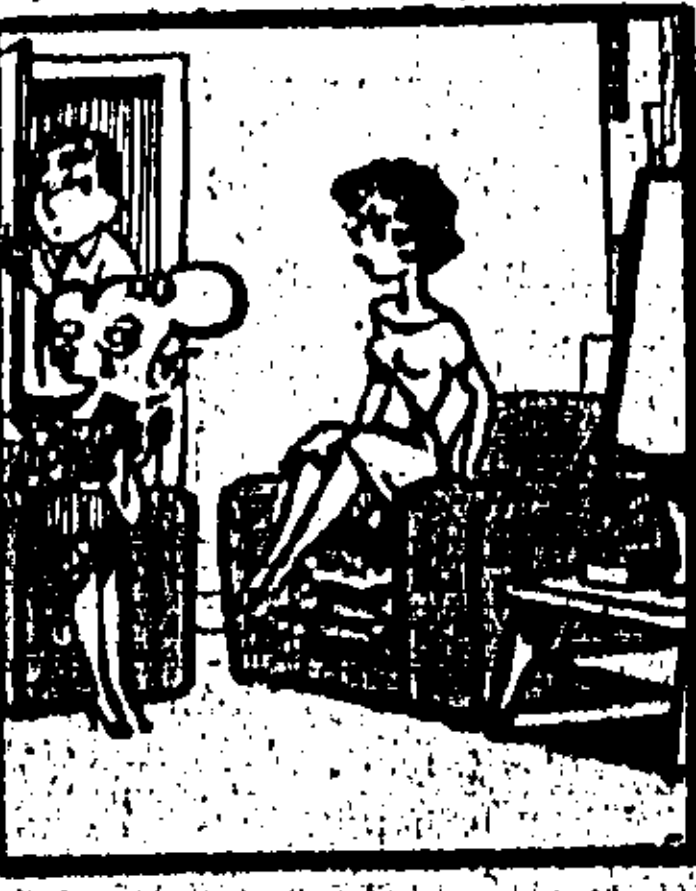
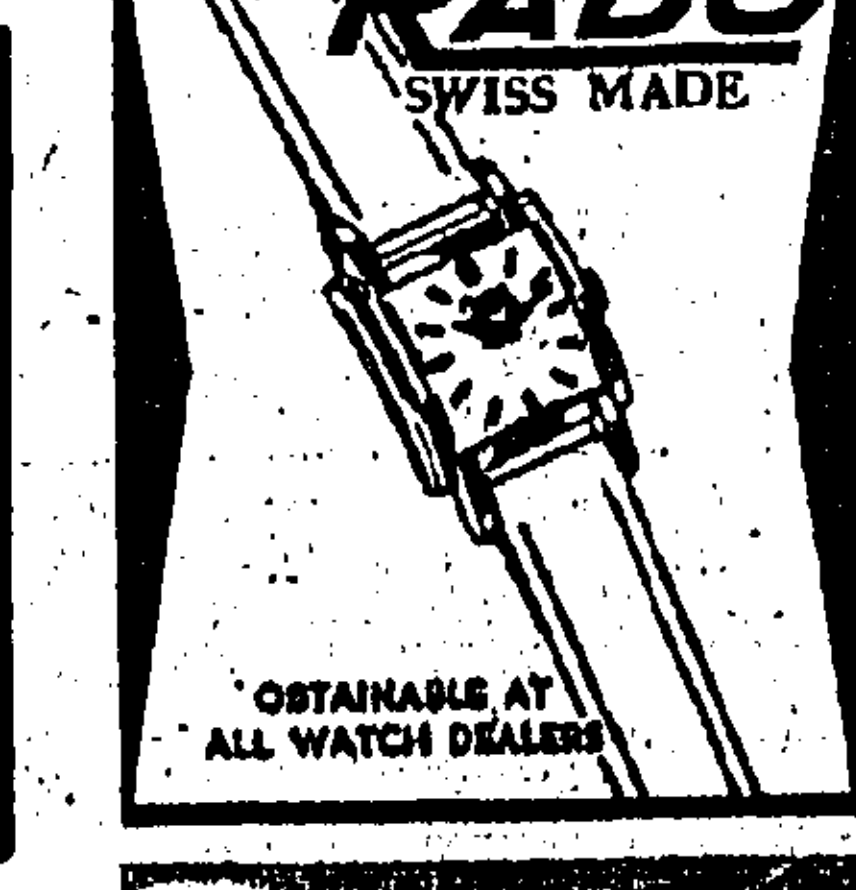
Solution on Back Page

Be Specific—fly CATHAY PACIFIC

3 flights weekly to MANILA

THE GAMBOLS

By Barry Appleby





FEATURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS



MESSY SAMBO AND MRS. BUSTLE

SAMBO, the cooker spaniel, drooped in his corner as Mrs Bustle mopped up the milk he had just spilled.

"I'm afraid we'll have to give the pup away," she told her children. "He makes such a mess."

Sambo cringed.

Mrs Bustle was the neatest person in the world and her house was spotless and shiny. The children just shone and even the baby was always bright and new looking.

Mrs Bustle fed the baby. Then she took the baby in one arm and some dish towels in the other which she wanted to put in the clothes hamper.

She left the room and Sambo made plans. He decided to be neat and helpful.

When the paper boy threw the newspaper on the porch Sambo picked it up with his teeth. Mrs Bustle didn't like papers lying around. He would take it to her. Just then a big wind blew the paper right out



of his mouth. He tried to catch it but, alas, some blew away and the rest was torn.

"Look what you've done!" cried Mrs Bustle. "We'll just have to give you away!"

At lunch time the children ate every bit of food without dropping a crumb. Sambo decided he would clean his plate too. He bit so hard into his food that his nice new dish fell in half.

cover of the hamper, and there, nestled in the dish towels fast asleep, was the baby.

"My baby!" she cried. "Why, I must have put you in there when I was cleaning up."

Sambo went back to his corner to drink his milk. He tried to drink without spilling a drop, but his long ears kept dipping into the dish and then the milk dripped from his ears onto the floor.

★ ★ ★

He waited for Mrs Bustle to come with the mop. He waited for the words "I'm afraid we'll have to give the pup away."

But Mrs Bustle patted him and cooed. "Such a nice puppy." He watched her mop the floor and he heard her say to the children: "He's a fine puppy to take such good care of our baby. We must keep this puppy always."

Now Sambo wasn't the neatest pup in the world, but he was the happiest.

—By FERN SIMMS

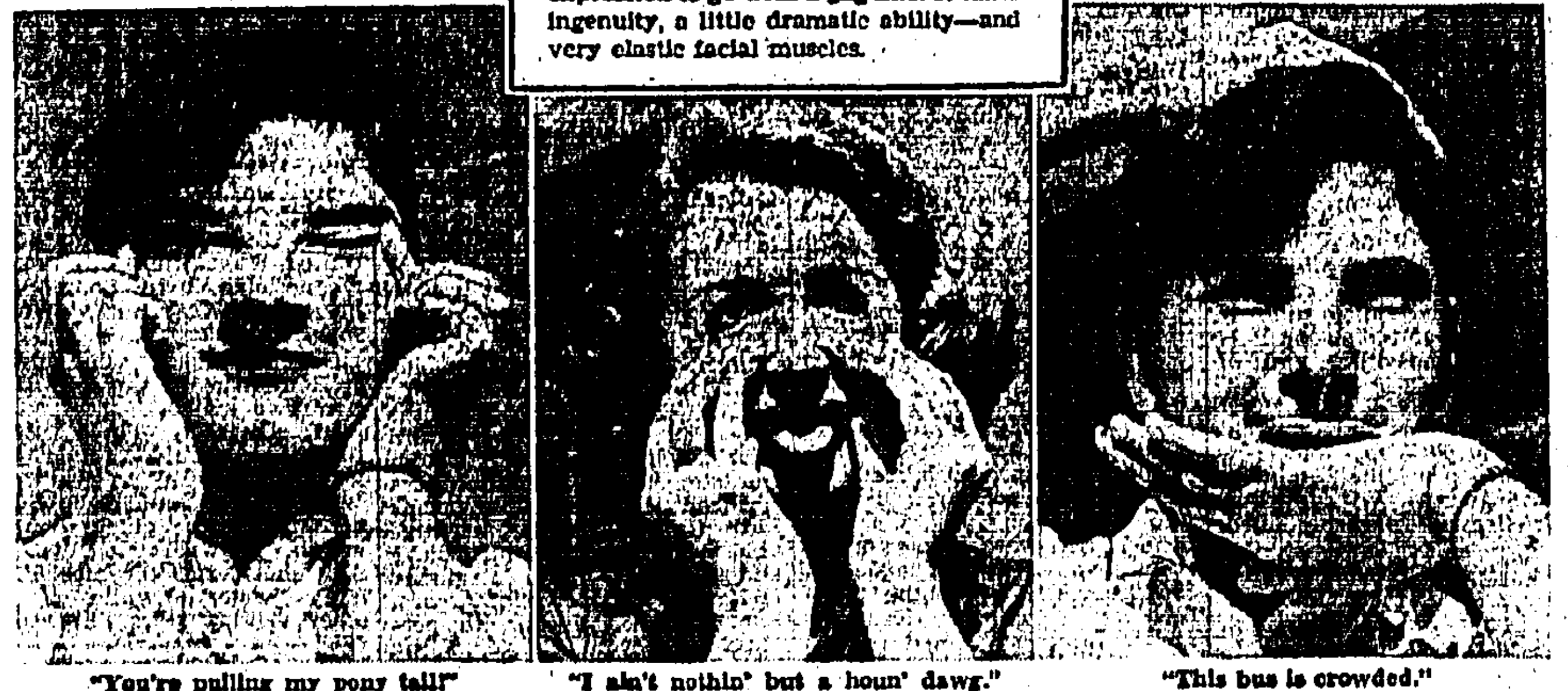
Their Faces Tell Stories



"Please remove your case."

DOES YOUR CROWD play action jokes? Lots of teen-agers do. In Cleveland, Ohio, the lad began last spring and is still going strong, as these pictures show.

"It's a pencil sharpener."



"You're pulling my pony tail."

"I ain't nothin' but a houn' dawg."

"This bus is crowded."

Cats Are Old And Honoured Friends

IT WAS IN 1849, and a large crowd had gathered on the waterfront of San Francisco harbour. They were eagerly watching a ship that was coming in. It was named the Ohio, and on it was a strange load of goods — several hundred cats.

No sooner had the ship come to shore than the people crowded around. They bought the cats, some of them paying as much as \$50 for a single animal. They took them to their homes and their mines and in a few weeks the thousands of rats and mice were gone.

The California gold miners are not the only ones who have found cats useful. Some years ago the United States kept more than 300 cats for use in the

Post Office Department. They were given the job of guarding the mail bags against rats and mice.

No one knows just how many cats there are in the United States today, but it is believed that there are about 27 million. They are badly needed, for rats and mice destroy about one billion dollars' worth of goods every year.

★ ★ ★

Cats are also no pets, as people have known for thousands of years. The first cats to be used as pets may have lived in Egypt more than three thousand years ago. They were small, yellow animals, with black feet. The Egyptians treated them as members of the family and buried them carefully when they died. If anybody killed a cat, he himself was put to death.

Once a Persian king made good use of this Egyptian love for cats. He gave each of his soldiers a cat to carry. The Egyptian soldiers would not hurt a cat, so they could not hurt the Persian soldiers.

Cats were also found in Syria and Palestine a long time ago. When the Romans took control of those countries a kato, or kitten, was in almost every home. That is where we get the words cat and kitten.

★ ★ ★

There was another person who must have loved cats: Madame Henrietta Romer. She painted some of our best known pictures of cats and kittens. Yes, cats make good pets. They are easy to raise, and they are neat and clean. They repay a little kindness with much love. They are the best known house pets in the world.

—By J. A. RICHARD

Some Mice Like To Live Dangerous Lives



Here is a pair of odd companions. Even though they live in the same paint shop at Chesterfield, it pays to be cautious. The mouse makes a slow approach when he joins Toby at her evening meal. It's one thing to come to dinner and a different



thing BEING the dinner. In the photo at right, since the cat's food didn't appeal to mouse, he climbs on his friend's head to prove their friendship. The cat seems to like the idea. The cat and mouse seem unaffected by their instinctive fears.

ENGLAND'S STONE REMINDER OF PAST

REMAINS OF A MASSIVE stone wall built by Roman soldiers 1,800 years ago still stretch like a belt across the north of England.

To preserve Hadrian's Wall, as it is best known, a move is under way in England to put the wall under the care of the British government. Storms, sheep, and the ravages of build-

ers already have reduced much of it to ruins.

Wending across the moorlands of Northumbria and Cumberland, Hadrian's Wall extends 73.5 miles. The National Geographic Society says. Its highest point climbs a crag of 1,230 feet.

When Emperor Hadrian visited Britain A.D. 122, it was in a state of crisis. The Roman Empire maintained three legions in the island province.

It could hardly spare more to protect it from the violently difficult Picts of Caledonia (Scotland).

Hadrian decided to build a continuous wall to block attacks from the north. Detachments were drawn from the three legions. The soldiers were skilled at that kind of work. They always carried entrenching and engineering tools. The wall rose in five years.

Curiously enough, the Romans seem to have taken the colossal task for granted. It is hardly mentioned in Latin literature.

The wall probably was about 20 feet high, including the parapet, and eight to ten feet thick. At every mile stood a "mile-castle" or blockhouse.

It was breached A.D. 307 when barbarians invaded the Isle, subjecting Roman detachments of Britain to their greatest humiliation.

When the Roman army was moved to the European continent A.D. 303, in the twilight of the Roman Empire, the wall's military history ended. It is not known whether all detachments pulled out from the forts at once or faded away, one by one. At any rate, the wall's work was done.

Today, enough of the wall remains to help or hinder farmers — and to stand unrivalled as the greatest monument of Britain's Roman occupation.

Fort with barracks for 500 to 1,000 men fitted into the wall like keystones at intervals of four to five miles. In addition to barracks, each fort contained a regimental headquarters, shrine for worship of the emperor, baths, stables, shops, and granaries.

It had a ditch in front, a military road behind, and to the south an earthwork of uncertain use called the "vallum."

For two and a half centuries the wall was manned by a force of perhaps 15,000 men. Many lived on the wall from birth to death. Villages drew up about the forts. Not many villages have been excavated, but aerial photographs indicate they were extensive.

The wall was overthrown and reconstructed at least twice.

Rupert and the Thinking Cap—34



The tale is all puzzled at the very Gregory has been blindfolded from them. However, it is a cold day and they soon forget him in the interest of the game of foot-ball. All at once Rupert catches sight of a small object in a bush, and, breaking from the game, he runs up the slope. "Hi, Gregory," he calls. "Where have you been? Why do you keep away from us? I've seen the Givv Gregory!" To his surprise the little gooseberry only looks at him with a queer smile, says nothing, and goes on walking.

run up the slope. "Hi, Gregory," he calls. "Where have you been? Why do you keep away from us? I've seen the Givv Gregory!" To his surprise the little gooseberry only looks at him with a queer smile, says nothing, and goes on walking.

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A Game Of Dominoes

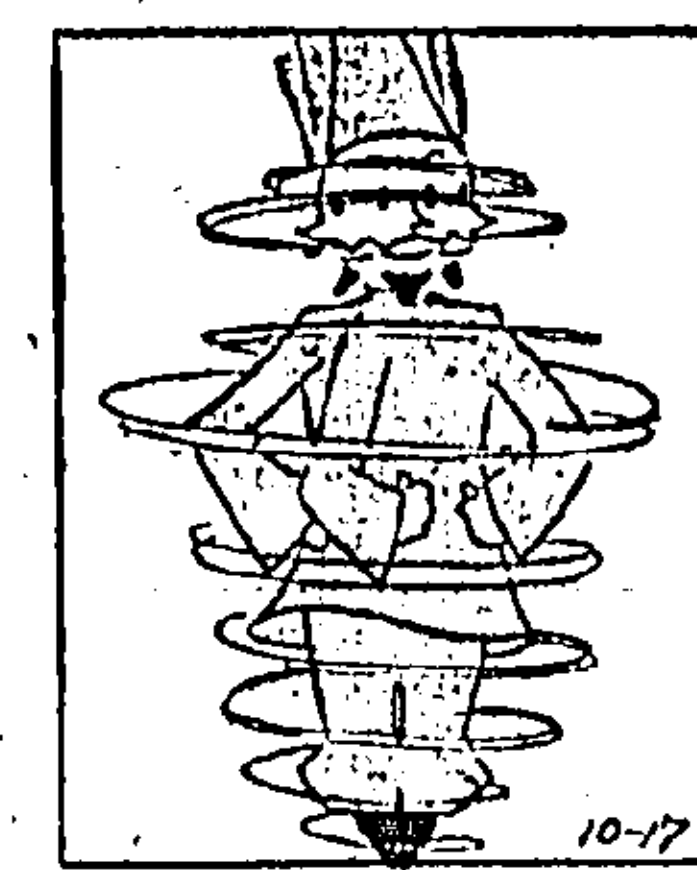
—Mr. Merlin Had Other Games To Play First—

By MAX TRELL

MR MERLIN, the Magnificent Magician, came out from behind the bookcase and looked around the room. There, on the opposite side, under the sunny window, sat Knarf, the Shadow Boy with the Turned-About Name, and Teddy, the Stuffed Bear.

"Good morning," said Mr. Merlin. "What are you two boys doing there?"

"Playing dominoes," said Knarf.



Mr. Merlin spun around faster and faster.

"Sit down, Mr. Merlin," said Teddy in a very cheerful voice. "As soon as we finish this game, you can play the winner."

Mr. Merlin smiled.

"Thank you very much," he said. "If you don't mind, I'd like to play spin-a-top."

Very Strange Thing

Knarf was about to say "You can't play spin-a-top inside this room, Mr. Merlin," when suddenly Mr. Merlin did a very strange thing. I mean, it would have been strange for anyone except a magician like Mr. Merlin.

This is what he did. He put his hands on his hips. He stood on his toes with his feet close together. He gave himself a push and began spinning around. Faster and faster he went.

Mr. Merlin spun so fast that he looked like a blur.

Knarf shouted: "He's made himself into a spinning top."

After spinning for several minutes, Mr. Merlin slowed down. Finally there he was, sitting on the floor, rubbing his eyes.

"I feel dizzy," he said. "That was quite a little spin, I took."

"Almost Through"

"I think you ought to play that game of dominoes with us," said Knarf. "We're almost through right now."

Mr. Merlin glanced over to see how the game of dominoes was getting along.

"You'll be at it for another five or ten minutes," he said. "I'll play a game of ball in the meantime."

Knarf and Teddy watched Mr. Merlin come crawling out from under the sofa. He was himself again.

"That was a nice game of ball you had with yourself, Mr. Merlin," Knarf said.

"It was that," said Mr. Merlin. "I bumped myself quite a bit, too."

He rubbed the top of his head. "Ah, I see you're pretty nearly through with your game of dominoes," he said.

"Yes," said Knarf. "We're nearly finished."

Fly A Kite

"I don't suppose," said Mr. Merlin, "that I've got time to fly a kite?"

Mr. Merlin put his hands in the air with his elbows bent and his fingers touching. He stood with his knees stuck out and his toes together. It looked for a second as though he were about to turn himself into a kite.

Giant Kite Had Its Own Launching Crew

By IRMA HEGEL

PERHAPS your grandfather remembers the big kite called "Uncle Sam" that was launched not in March, the month of kites, but on the last day of August, 1891, in Dudley, Mass.

The frame of this giant was 22 feet high and 10 feet wide, weighing around 34 pounds. The cover was sewed of 40 yards of unbleached cotton cloth, strengthened with canvas to the corners. The tail was made up of burlap strips and the completed kite tipped the scales at 58 pounds.

It took two weeks to build "Uncle Sam" and a swiveled reel was constructed to guide the giant into the sky. This reel had a hand crank and, being swiveled, could turn in any direction according to the wind. You would not think anything so heavy could rise and yet it did.

★ ★ ★

It took two men to walk the kite, another man to hold the flying-line and three men at the swiveled reel. "Uncle Sam" was reeled out, tossed for a few seconds in the brisk summer wind, then rose 1,000 feet, and remained aloft for two hours.

No boy or girl would want to construct a kite of such elegant proportions yet it is fun, if you have had success on flying the small simple models, to double your proportions this season and make a biggy.

Builders recommend that large kites should be made of cambric cloth for better performance in the air and, of course, a heavier cotton twine, about 10-ply, is better than the kind ordinarily used. The bridle should be measured accurately to make sure of the proper balance and the string must be the right length.

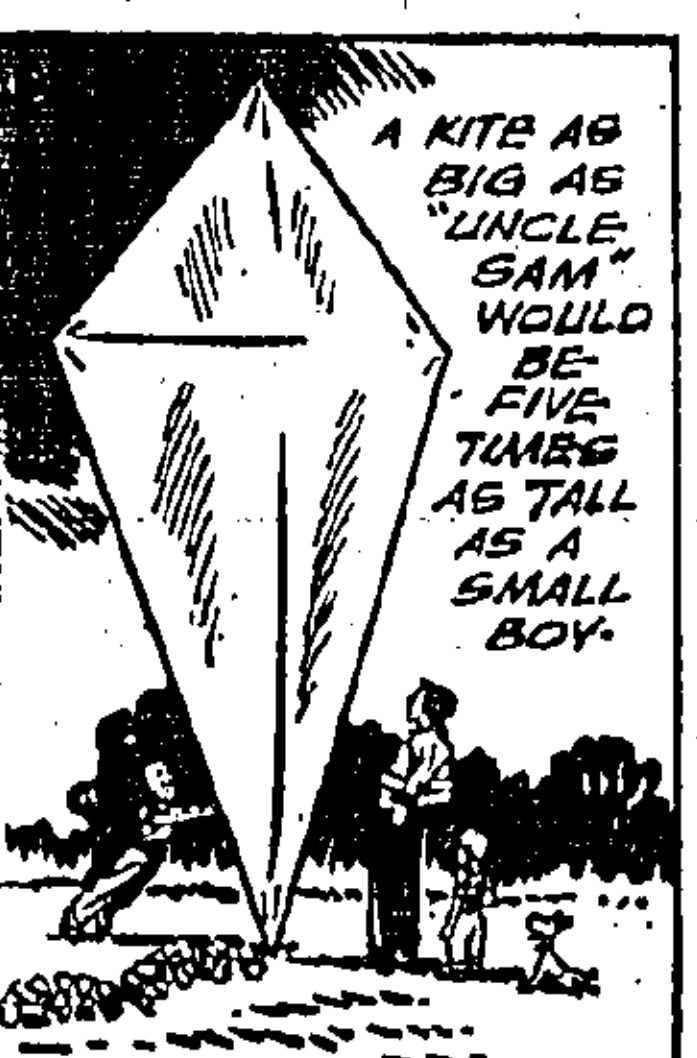
Bored-kites, winged-kites, novelty-kites, war-kites and trailer-kites all find themselves

RIVERS

DURING geography class the teacher asked, "Willie, can you name the principal river in Egypt?"

"It's the Nile," replied Willie. "That's right. Now can you name some of its smaller tributaries?"

Willie hesitated and answered with a smile, "The Juveniles."



admirably to the biggy-size. Your public library has many books on how to construct the giant models. Ask your librarian to show them to you.

HOW TO WINTER TO LANDSCAPE

1. PUNCH A HOLE IN EACH END OF THE BOTTOM OF A SHOE BOX. THREAD A PIECE OF YARN THROUGH THEM.

2. MAKE A FRAME FROM WHITE CARDBOARD TO FIT OVER FRONT.

3. DRAW SHAPE OF BOX IN CENTER OF A LARGE PIECE OF WHITE CARDBOARD. DRAW A BORDER 2 IN. OUT FROM THAT AND CUT AWAY REST.

4. SCORE ALONG BOX LINES. FOLD FLAPS BACK AND GLUE FRAME OVER FACE OF BOX.

5. SET BOX ON EDGE OF A PAPER MAGAZINE AND PASTE ON BACK. CUT OUT OTHER PICTURES. LEAVE TAGS AND PASTE IN BOX. MAKE BOX ON WALL WHEN FINISHED.

6. SET BOX ON EDGE OF A PAPER MAGAZINE AND PASTE ON BACK. CUT OUT OTHER PICTURES. LEAVE TAGS AND PASTE IN BOX. MAKE BOX ON WALL WHEN FINISHED.

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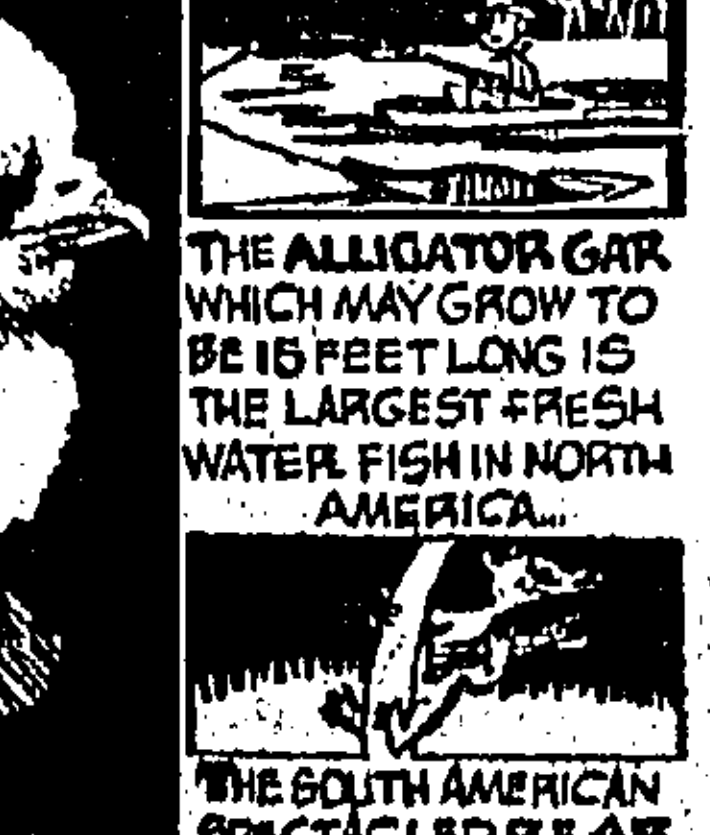
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4000'S WHO



A LIZARD CAN GROW A NEW TAIL MORE THAN ONCE.



THE ALLIGATOR GAY WHICH MAY GROW TO BE 16 FEET LONG IS THE LARGEST FRESH WATER FISH IN NORTH AMERICA.



THE BALD EAGLE'S HEAD FEATHERS ARE WHITE IN THE DAYS WHEN THIS EAGLE WAS NAMED "BALD" WAS A SYNONYM FOR WHITE.



THE SOUTH AMERICAN SPECIATED BEAVER HAS A HABIT OF BUILDING "NESTS" OF STICKS IN TALL TREES.

YOUR BIRTHDAY ... By STELLA

SATURDAY, JANUARY 25

BORN today, you have the ability to face facts soundly and, even if not to your liking, you face up to them and figure out a way to better things. You have great determination to reach your goal and will work hard to achieve exactly what you want. Not satisfied with less than the best, you rather will go without than accept a substitute. Many cannot understand this facet of your nature and think that you should make compromises. But this is not for you. With you, it's everything or nothing at all. This applies to your personal and romantic life as well as to your business or profession.

It is likely that you have the gift for the written word and will be most content if you enter some area of expression which gives you ample opportunity to utilize this talent fully. Since you are always reaching out toward perfection, you are never entirely satisfied with your own work. You always have the feeling that you can do better if only you can try again!

While, mentally alert and vigorous, you are inclined to be a little lazy physically. You dislike manual labour of any kind and would probably starve—or live on a pleasure—rather than work at something calling for arduous physical work.

Your temperament is fluid one day you are merry and gay; the next, morose and despondent. You probably will find that at such times you are being frustrated. So make a serious effort to get out from under monotonous routine and into work which offers a real challenge. You are happiest when playing the role of a leader.

Among those born on this date were: Charles Curtis, statesman; Emil Ludwig, author; and Robert Burns, poet.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 26

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)

—Also time for rest and pleasant relaxation today. You need it to let down tensions and re-energize.

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 20)

—A highly beneficial day. Follow from a good sermon.

ARIES (Mar. 21-Apr. 20)

—After devotional duties this morning relax tensions, rest and take care of your health. Prepare for next week.

TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 21)

—If you have been postponing old jobs around the house, then today might be an auspicious day to start.

GEMINI (May 22-June 21)

—You might wish to invite friends in for Sunday supper. Enjoy a pleasant, relaxing evening in good company.

CANCER (June 22-July 23)

—Benefit physically and spiritually from a pleasantly relaxing day. Do nothing that doesn't have to be done!

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23)

—In taking the lead in some project, hold high to your ideals. Your guidance can prove important.

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)

—Everything is all right with the stars. If there is an upset today, blame yourself, for it will be your doing!

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)

—An inspirational meeting can encourage you to do your best work. Follow a good example.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 22)

—Old friends, like old wine, are apt to be better. This is a day when you can pleasantly re-new acquaintances.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)

—Make it a point to get as much rest as you can today. If you are relaxed, tensions disappear.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)

—Put your best foot forward when meeting people today. That first impression can prove important.

BORN today, you appear to have intuitive powers beyond the average. At times you are psychic and seem to know just how things are going to work out. Provided you make good use of this gift and hold your ideals high, you can be of great help in a troubled world. For you always seem to have a new approach to any current problem and make short work of solving it. Your first impressions are usually the correct ones, so always stick to them and don't let yourself be high-pressed into changing your mind.

You have a magnetic personality which draws people to you. Loyal and devoted to your friends, you are inclined to spread your affections over so wide an area that you are not likely to have a "grand passion" in the true sense of the word. In fact, when you meet a "grand passion" matter-of-fact courtship and marriage. There should be plenty of happiness and contentment—but not much romantic flair!

You have the happy faculty of looking on the bright side of things. If events are running badly today, you are positive that tomorrow will be much better! You escape being a Pollyanna by a hair! Strange thing is, your positive attitude seems to bring positive results. Perhaps it does work after all. It seems to, for you.

Among those born on this date were: Roy Chapman Andrews, explorer and author; Samuel Hopkins Adams, author; and Mary Mapes Dodge, editor and writer of books for children.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

MONDAY, JANUARY 27

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)

—Go slowly when it comes to romance. The path of true love may not be smooth just now. Take care!

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 20)

—Duty to the job comes first today. Don't be sidetracked by extra-curricular social pleasures.

ARIES (Mar. 21-Apr. 20)

—Check everything for dependability today. Hold fast to familiar routine and all works out to your advantage.

TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 21)

—Begin the new week with a positive, constructive attitude and you will win your point.

GEMINI (May 22-June 21)

—Postpone a journey if at all possible. The aspects for travel are not particularly auspicious.

CANCER (June 22-July 23)

—Use your best tact and be highly polite in dealing with both office and domestic problems today.

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23)

—Don't get involved in other people's problems. Your own can be perplexing enough today!

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)

—Carelessness in the past can be the cause of trouble today. Wise action, however, can untangle the mess.

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)

—Avoid being too adventuresome, for this is a fickle day. Think twice before taking any action at all.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 22)

—If you are sensible, you can unravel any tangle presented. Domestic problems may prove especially troublesome.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)

—Stick closely to routine. Flights of fancy are not recommended; make no decisions at this time.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)

—Children's affairs may prove difficult of solution, but a tactful treatment brings results.

DARTWORDS START HERE

THE starting point of today's Dartwords is NONPOIN.

and the objective is to CHERRY in the centre of the word.

You reach this by rearranging the other words in such a way that the relationship between one word and the one next to it is governed by one of six rules:

(1) The word may be an anagram of the word that precedes it.

(2) It may be a synonym of the word that precedes it.

(3) It may be a word which precedes or follows the word that precedes it.

(4) It may be a word which contains the word that precedes it.

(5) It may be a word which is a variation of the word that precedes it.

(6) It may be a word which is a variation of the word that precedes it.

(7) It may be a word which is a variation of the word that precedes it.

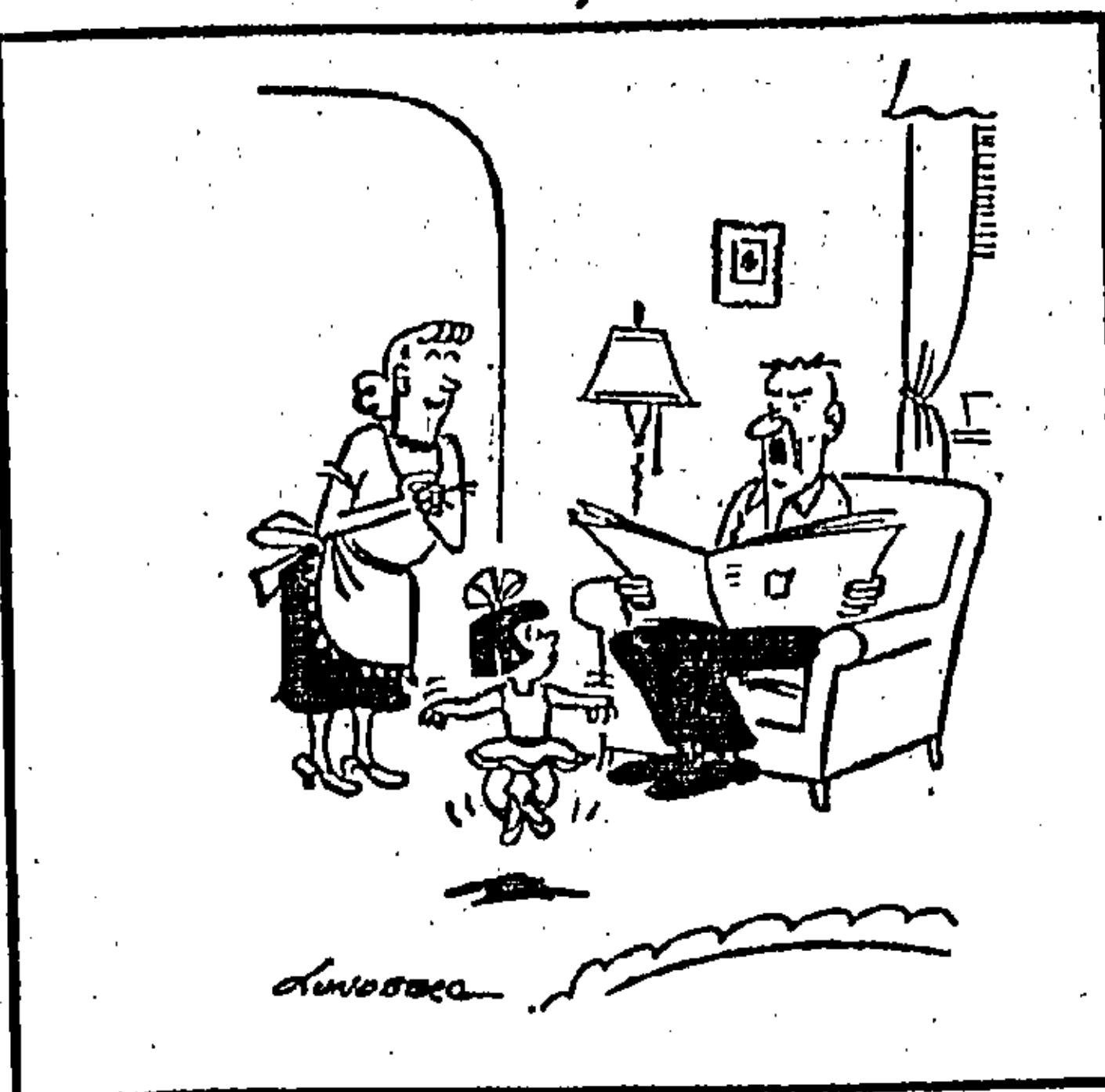
(8) It may be a word which is a variation of the word that precedes it.

(9) It may be a word which is a variation of the word that precedes it.

(10) It may be a word which is a variation of the word that precedes it.

(Continued on Page 20)

This Funny World



"Three bucks an hour just for that!"

BY THE WAY
by Beachcomber

IN a gaunt grey house down a narrow lane in the West Country, probably, the men who play the fool with postage stamps meet at dead of night.

The latest hoax to collectors is a stamp perforated across the middle. So far there are only five of them, but for some unearthly reason they are not as valuable as stamps with no perforation between them. A single threepenny with its perforation holes filled in would be a good idea, but twopenny stamps with gum on the front instead of the back are worth only twopenny.

A veteran takes his leisure

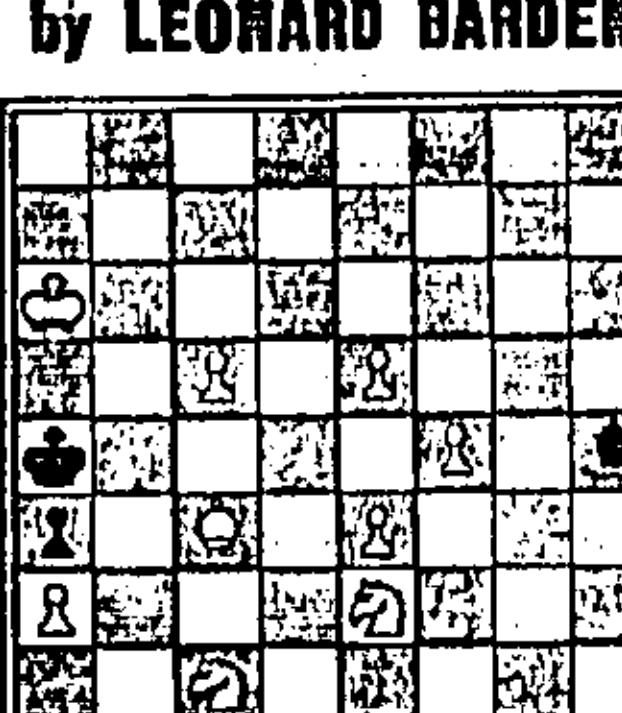
"FAMILY life is changing," wrote a keen-eyed observer the other day. It is indeed. The tendency is for the breadwinner to be a boy of 16 who has retired with a fortune made from gramophone records, and his chauffeur, and looks after the five cars, grandfather is his agent and publicity man. One uncle lives in the yacht on the Riviera, of which another uncle is the captain. A brother is his secretary and his mother runs his farm in the Cotswolds. The only catch is that when the fortune is spent, the big banks are doubtful about making him director before he comes of age.

Mothurst Grange (VI)

"FATHER," said Edward, "I were a married Nellie." "Sir Charles jumped as though bitten by a rattlesnake. 'A chimney-sweep's daughter!' he said. 'It is the money that attracts you.' 'Doesn't it attract you?' riposted the heir. Father and son exchanged an eloquent look. Deep and dirty called to deep and dirty. 'It would kill your mother,' said Sir Charles. 'At least, it would make her sick. And what of Arabella?' 'She has not nearly as much money,' replied his son manfully, 'and she dislikes me as much as I dislike her. I could grow to love Nell.' 'No doubt you could my boy, but it is a sacrifice I do not feel justified in asking of you. A

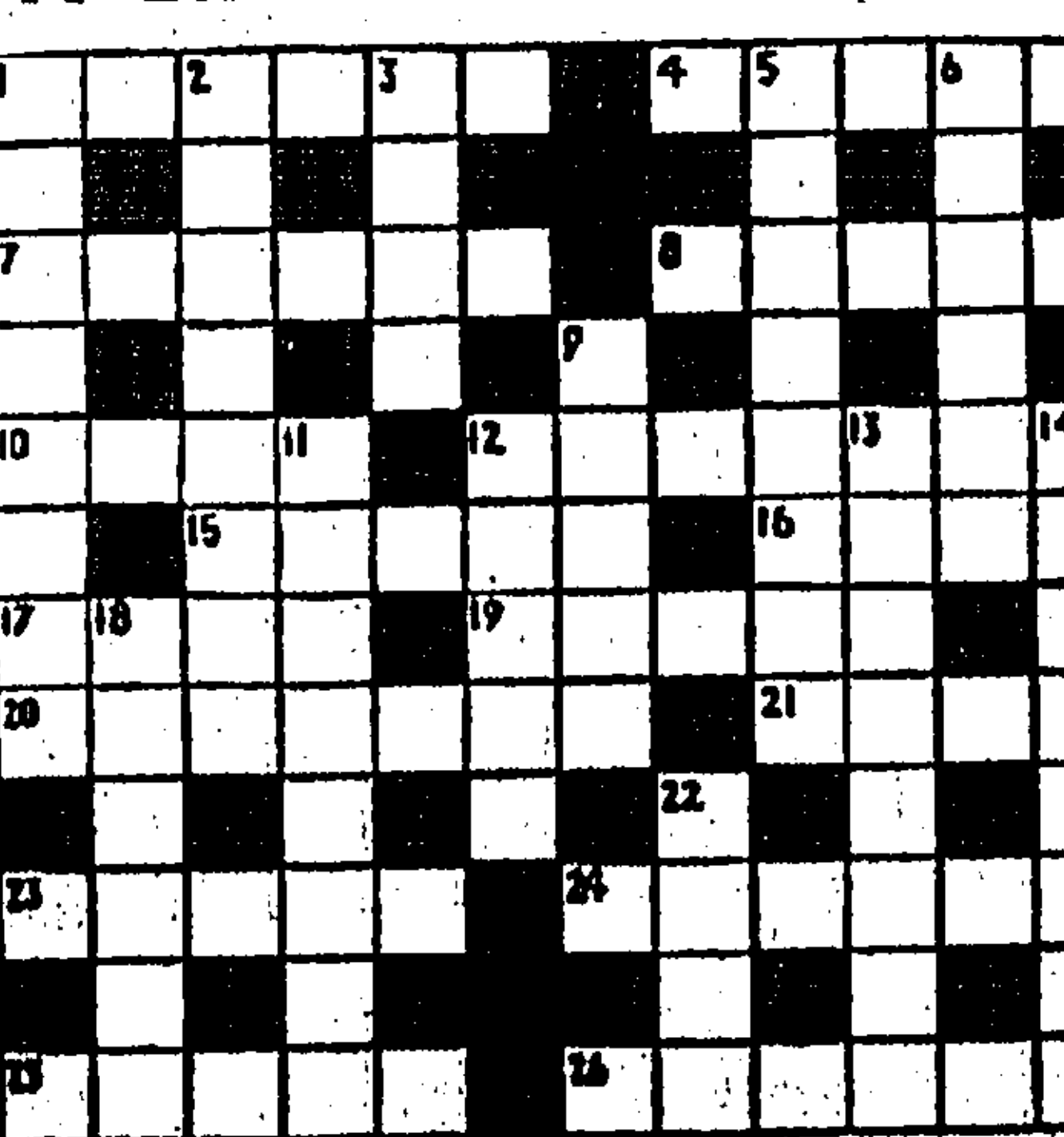
CHESS

by LEONARD BARDEN



A problem by J. Buchwald (Palesine Post, 1946). White mates in three. Solution No. 5338: 1 B-R4. RtxB; 2 Q-K7. Resigns. London Express Service.

A British Crossword Puzzle



ACROSS

1 Short supply. (5)

2 County of Essex. (5)

3 No land-lubber. (5)

4 Bona fide. (5)

5 They said good enough to eat. (7)

6 French good enough to eat. (7)

7 Purloined a vermin. (5)

8 Rolled up by many. (7)

9 One who is in the back seat. (5)

10 One who is in the back seat. (5)

11 Expensive London street. (5)

12 Vacation. (5)

DOWN

1 SOS is such a signal. (5)

2 Certainly not hostile. (5)

3 Tasty mark time. (5)

4 It is so to speak. A matter of course. (5)

5 Occupational payments. (5)

6 Important study. (5)

7 Flowers with holes in them? (5)

8 When a man is in a hurry. (5)

9 They get both confused and called. (5)

10 Valuable reason. (5)

11 Animal that has 4 legs. (5)

PARADE

LIFE The warden of St Quentin Prison has been ordered by a court to return the manuscript of a novel he took from condemned prisoner Cyril Chessman.

The warden pleaded that Chessman was under death sentence.

Chessman is using the money he made from an earlier book about life in "Death Row" to pay for his appeals against the death sentence.

HUNTER Two good-looking students at New York Hunter College for Girls, Mary McCarthy and Mary Zeharko, pounced on the twelfth stranger in one of the corridors.

And it was only when he got to the police station that he learned they were policemen who had been sent to the college two months ago to trap a wolf who had been pestering the students.

RAFTER In all the 43 years of his life, the late Alois Rafter of Loreto, a small village near the Austrian-Hungarian frontier, had nothing whatever to do with a court of law—until a summons came last week for him to attend the Eisenstadt assizes.

"The disgrace of it!" he exclaimed. "I shall never survive it."

JACOBY ON BRIDGE

Generous George Finds The Queen

By OSWALD JACOBY

EAST covered the dummy's seven of hearts with the nine and Generous George won with the king.

East remarked, "Where is your well-known generosity? Couldn't you let us have that trick?"

George replied, "I might have, but chose not to. However, as you well know every day is Christmas with me and I will show you my hand. Take a good look and you will see that I have to guess where the queen of spades is. If you were as generous as I am, you would tell me where she is."

George proceeded to play out all four rounds of diamonds. East discarded—two clubs and West let the three of spades go.

This was all George needed to tell him where the queen of spades was. East could well have afforded a spade discard and

In vain it was explained to him that he was required as a citizen to serve on a jury.

When the assizes met Perndt was absent. They found him later—hanging from a rafter in his barn.

QUEEN Two queen bees were down this morning, 1,000 miles from Sydney to North Queensland to save the honey supply of a remote Aboriginal mission.

The bees will be dropped from the plane in a special container when it passes over Doomedgo Mission, 65 miles from Burketown.

Superintendent John Talbot sent an SOS to a Sydney beekeeper because the mission's queen bees were growing old and young queen bees have never survived their mating flights at the mission because they have always been taken by birds.

The original queen bees, now very old, were taken to the mission to pollinate pumpkin crops. They thrived and provided the natives with a constant honey supply.

FREE Abdul Muriz, a 67-year-old Singapore farmer, has set up barriers on a government road running through his land and is collecting 24 a day in tolls from passing vehicles.

Not even police radio cars are exempt.

The road was built by the Japanese army without Muriz's permission.

Said the Attorney General: "Muriz is well within his rights."

Now the government is worried that other landlords along the road might do the same thing.

Muriz's comment: "This is my interpretation of freedom. I am sick of being pushed around by the government."

SMALL Times are changing THUGS and, according to Mr J. D. Hobden, retired executive director of the Canadian John Howard Society, so are criminal habits.

"The average modern criminal is years younger than the criminal of two decades ago and seems obsessed by brutality and hatred," he said here.

"The old time criminal was a real professional who took his ups and downs with good grace. If he was caught he made the best of it without rancour or hatred. He had pride in his skill and respect for his victims."

TARGET

How many of the words of four letters or more can you find in the letters in the picture in the left hand margin?

Words of four letters or more: 1. VASELINE, 2. HAIR, 3. CREAM, 4. VASELINE, 5. HAIR, 6. CREAM, 7. VASELINE, 8. HAIR, 9. CREAM, 10. VASELINE, 11. HAIR, 12. CREAM, 13. VASELINE, 14. HAIR, 15. CREAM, 16. VASELINE, 17. HAIR, 18. CREAM, 19. VASELINE, 20. HAIR, 21. CREAM, 22. VASELINE, 23. HAIR, 24. CREAM, 25. VASELINE, 26. HAIR, 27. CREAM, 28. VASELINE, 29. HAIR, 30. CREAM, 31. VASELINE, 32. HAIR, 33. CREAM, 34. VASELINE, 35. HAIR, 36. CREAM, 37. VASELINE, 38. HAIR, 39. CREAM, 40. VASELINE, 41. HAIR, 42. CREAM, 43. VASELINE, 44. HAIR, 45. CREAM, 46. VASELINE, 47. HAIR, 48. CREAM, 49. VASELINE, 50. HAIR, 51. CREAM, 52. VASELINE, 53. HAIR, 54. CREAM, 55. VASELINE, 56. HAIR, 57. CREAM, 58. VASELINE, 59. HAIR, 60. CREAM, 61. VASELINE, 62. HAIR, 63. CREAM, 64. VASELINE, 65. HAIR, 66. CREAM, 67. VASELINE, 68. HAIR, 69. CREAM, 70. VASELINE, 71. HAIR, 72. CREAM, 73. VASELINE, 74. HAIR, 75. CREAM, 76. VASELINE, 77. HAIR, 78. CREAM, 79. VASELINE, 80. HAIR, 81. CREAM, 82. VASELINE, 83. HAIR, 84. 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CHINA MAIL

Page 20

SATURDAY, JANUARY 25, 1958.

Sheaffer's
STERLING SILVER TIP

Australia In Uneasy Position

DAVIDSON AND MACKAY NOW MAIN HOPE

Durban, Jan. 24.
A determined innings of 52 in three hours 32 minutes by their young captain, Ian Craig, rescued Australia after an early collapse on the opening day of the third Test against South Africa.

Australia lost their first three wickets—Jim Burke, Colin McDonald and Neil Harvey—for 54 runs, all to the tall Springbok pace bowler, Neil Adcock. After a hard struggle against keen bowling and fielding, they were 155 for six wickets at the close.

Three Victims

Adcock, who finished with four for 39, claimed his first three victims in nine overs at a cost of 14 runs.

Craig's 52, which included three fours, was his highest of the series. In three innings in the previous two Tests he collected an aggregate of 31 runs.

The other two wickets fell to the left-arm slow bowler Trevor Goddard, who conceded only 25 runs from 23 overs.

Goddard regained much of his old hostility swinging the ball markedly against a strong breeze and clean bowling Craig and Bobby Simpson. Simpson went unexpectedly for 17 after playing some confident strokes. It was Craig's seventh time being clean bowled in eleven innings on the tour.

The value of Ken "Slasher" Mackay soon became apparent as the burden of responsibility rested on his shoulders after the departure of Richie Benaud.

who swung at a low, straight ball and was out lbw to Adcock for five.

Mackay defended solidly for 173 minutes and finished with 27 not out. He and Alan Davidson (11 not out) had added 13 in an unbroken seventh-wicket stand by the close and were Australia's main hopes of recovering from an uneasy position.—Reuter.

CHURCHILL FELT TIRED

Nice, Jan. 24.
Sir Winston Churchill cancelled a flying visit to London this week to vote in the House of Commons debate which ended last night because he was "rather tired," his household said today.

A member of Sir Winston Churchill's staff said today the British elder statesman proposed to fly to London on Wednesday but felt tired and was advised by his friend not to go. The spokesman discounted any suggestion that Sir Winston was ill and said he was eating normally.—Reuter.

SIDE GLANCES By Galbraith



"Do you know a good book on child psychology that's against spankings? Please wrap it as a gift!"

HARNESSING H-POWER

COMPLETE EXCHANGE OF INFORMATION

Houston, Jan. 24.
Sir Harold Caccia, the British Ambassador, said here today there had been a complete exchange of information between the United States and Britain on research to harness hydrogen power.

In a speech prepared for delivery at Rice University, Sir Harold discounted reports suggesting a rivalry, almost an unfriendly rivalry, between the governments and scientists of the two countries.

"The men in this field started out with the official support of their governments, on the practice of inter-dependence long before the phrase came into common use among the rest of us," he declared.—Reuter.

Tight Squeeze

New York, Jan. 24.
Sally Quinn, 25, a 99-pound inmate at the Women's House of Detention escaped from her fourth floor cell yesterday by knocking eight bed sheets together and squeezing through a window 18 inches high by 5 1/2 inches wide.

Her 250-pound cellmate said she refused to participate in the escape.—United Press.

Title Retained

Durban, Jan. 24.
Dennis Adams, 22-year-old Johannesburg plumber, retained boxing title here tonight by knocking out Warner Batchelor, his Australian challenger, in the second round.—Reuter.

CHOU'S REFUSAL EXPECTED IN US

Washington, Jan. 24.
The Chinese Premier, Chou En-lai's refusal to order the release of three Americans jailed in China, after a personal appeal by their mothers visiting China has caused great disappointment in the United States.

Competent circles in Washington, however, stressed that this refusal came within the line of the general policy of the Chinese Government. As a result of the refusal, the US Government's attitude towards "Mainland China" will not fall to stiffen, these sources indicated.

A Lesson

The refusal should serve as a lesson to those in the United States who wanted the American Government to modify its policy towards China, they said. Despite the fact that the disappointment was greater among the public than at the State Department, competent American circles nevertheless stressed the refusal of the Chinese authorities to arouse false hopes among the relatives of the three prisoners by inviting them to China.

NAMESAKES

Answers:—1. Victoria, 2. Australia, 3. Captain, 4. Judge, 5. Toss, 6. Match, 7. Bowling, 8. Cricketers, 9. Boundary, 10. Georgetown, Ian Johnson.

DARTWORDS SOLUTION

NONFOLK: Broad Boards Hoards Corners Four Winds March Charm Chessmen Bawling Racings Circus Heading Wedding Wedding Diamond Rough Tumble Humble Pie Pine Knocking Odds Odds Bonchard Ward Draw Raffle Raffle Muffin Mutter Scat Scat Crow Crown Darts Darts Vale Value Worth Worth White Hole Hope Hope Cherry.

Maurice Faure Appointed To New Post

Paris, Jan. 24.
Premier Felix Gaillard today named Foreign Secretary (Deputy Foreign Minister) Maurice Faure to be France's chief representative to the European Common Market, Euratom, and Coal-Steel Authorities.

The appointment was announced by the Premier's Office. The Maitignon Palace, after a meeting between Gaillard and heads of the two major coalition parties: Socialist Guy Mollet and Right-wing Independent Antoine Pinay.

Both Mollet and Pinay approved the nomination. Faure, 36-year-old member of Gaillard's Radical Party and former professor of history has been one of the chief negotiators of the European Market and Euratom treaties.

Bitter Feud

It was not immediately known who would be the new Minister for European Affairs. Post Gaillard has long been planning to establish. The post has been the object of a bitter feud between Finance Minister Pierre Pflimlin and Foreign Minister Christian Pineau who both claim it should be attached to their respective offices.

Pineau and Pflimlin as well as Faure conferred with Gaillard at 4 p.m., shortly after Mollet and Pinay had left. Faure will accompany Pinay tomorrow to Brussels for the third official session of the Council of Ministers of the Common Market and Euratom.—United Press.

REDIFFUSION

11 a.m. Morning Medley: 11.30. "The Cruel Sea" Episode 20: 12. Noon. Tune Time: 12.30. p.m. Three Men On A Horse—Tex Ritter, Nick Noble and Allan Jones; 1. Keyboard Capers—Featuring Jan August 1.15. Weather Report, News and Special Announcements: 1.30. George Melachrino and his Orchestra: 2. Saturday Requests—Presented by Betty: 2. Year By Year—The song hits of 1943: 3.30. Philo Vance: Episode 12: "The Blue Lady Murder Case": 4. Songs of the Pacific: 4.30. Rhythmic Parade: A Melody Magic: 5.30. Meet The Stars: 5.55. British Mailbag: 6. Unit Requests—Presented by Janet: 7. a.m. and the News: 7.00. Weather Forecast: Announcements and Interlude: 7.15. The songs of Judy Garland: 7.30. Rediffusion Jazz Club—Presented by Philip Dickens: 8. Ties Among: 8.15. "Rhythm Rendezvous" starring Paul Page with Ray Anthony's Orchestra: 8.30. Voice of Sports: 9. Sports Hit Parade: 9.30. Music From Maxima: 10. Hollywood Open House: 10.30. 11. Remember When: 11.30. Starling: 11.45. White Man: 11.50. Dance Party: 12. Midnight: God Save The Queen. Close Down.

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TELEVISION

2 p.m. Guy Lombardo and His Orchestra: 2.30. "Life of Riley": 2.55. "Mr. District Attorney": 3.15. Pearce Memorial Cup 1958: Direct Broadcast From the Hongkong Jockey Club: 3.40. Cantonese Film: "My Son Waverer": 4. Children's Hour: Cartoons: 5.15. Children's Songs: 5.30. "The Blue Lady Murder Case": 5.45. Close Down.
8.30. Saturday Variety: The Double Three Skiffle Group and the Colgate Sisters with Joseph Koo at the Piano: 7.45. News: 8.00. Circus Boy in "The Proud Peacock": 8.30. Alfred Hitchcock Presents: "Decoy": 8.45. Circus and Dances: "Fiesta Water Melon": 9.30. Dangerous Assignment: Starring Brian Donlevy: 10. Evening Theatre: "No Haint For A Gentleman": 11. Late Night Final. Close Down.

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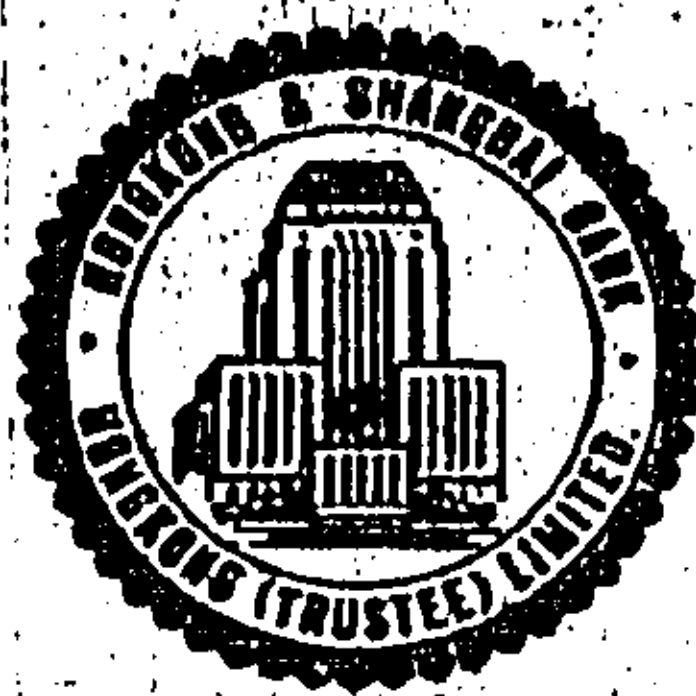
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We have pleasure in announcing the appointment of Mr. Charles Vivian Hutchinson, (former General Manager of Messrs. James McMillan & Co., Ltd., of Shanghai, China), as our General Manager in Hongkong with full power to sign as such.

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BUTTERFIELD & SWIRE
Agents
H.K. Hong, January 24, 1958.

CHURCH NOTICES

ST. JAMES'S CHURCH
The services in English and Chinese will be held as follows:—
10 a.m. Holy Communion
6 p.m. Evening Prayer
(By Rev. Canon G. H. G. G. G.)